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IN THE SHADOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Oh, ghost of my departed love!
Once more awake! arise! arise!
Look at me with those deathless eyes
This earth-bound spirit prove!

Am I not thine, as I have been
Through all the long and weary years,
Through all the sorrows and the tears
That haunt this vale of sin?

Dost doubt me? Did a shadow stir
The misty veil and darkly creep
With this false whisper to thy sleep,
"Thou art no more to her?"

Beside the dark and desolate sea,
When all the terrible waves were crossed,
Didst thou look back and deem me lost,
Forever lost to thee?

Believe it not! though we walk apart,
Thou in the light of that radiant shore,
I with the shadows behind and before,
Thy hand is upon my heart.

And when I meet the averted face
Of those I have loved in thy dear stead:
With a memory sweet of the faithful dead,
I turn to thine embrace.

Out of the shadow dreary and dense,
That dimly lieth between us two,
We yet shall awake to a higher view,
To a clearer and better sense.

Then we shall know why we walked apart,
Then shall the harmonies begin,
And we, emerged from the mesh of sin,
Shall live again heart to heart.

THE MAN WITH THE HESSIAN BOOTS.

Among the persons who were in the habit of regularly frequenting the well-known Cafe de Foy, in the Palais Royal, about the year 1815, was a little old man, very carefully dressed, although his costume constituted a real anachronism. His head was enveloped in a warm Welsh wig, with a long thick queue depending from it, which appeared, when viewed from its hinder aspect, to resemble a full-grown cabbage, with the stem still dangling from its circumference. His pantaloons were of black cloth, and were met midway down his stumpy legs by long Hessian boots, garnished with tassels, and bright as the surface of a polished mirror; a long green waistcoat fell downward in folds so as to cover in part a round and well-developed paunch; a loose and capacious coat, of a deep maroon color, decorated with large bright metal buttons, and forcibly reminding one of the era of the Republic, inclosed the outward man; and a hat, beveled off into a sugar loaf form, surmounted the wig, and completed the equipment.

After all, however, this costume was nothing very extraordinary, or indeed very different from that of the hundreds of antiquated men who about this epoch were to be seen swarming forth in fine weather, like a host of innocent green frogs basking in the sun after a spring shower. The little old man in question visited the Cafe de Foy every morning precisely at one o'clock, called for a cup of coffee with cream, and a roll of bread, which he always divided into the same number of circular slices. It was necessary, however, that this bread should be stale, and as they knew the peculiar fancy of the old gentleman in this respect, a roll was carefully reserved from each day's consumption, and put aside for his breakfast the following morning. From this practice the old gentleman became known among the different waiters by the *sobriquet* of "the man who always ate stale bread."

The old gentleman's state of existence was so uniform, and his movements so regular, as to resemble in no small degree those of an automaton. He entered the cafe every morning without looking to the right or the left, and proceeded directly forwards to a little round table, isolated and incommodious, and which for this reason was nearly always vacant. After being served with his breakfast, he invariably abstracted two out of the five pieces of sugar which figured beside his cup, and conveyed them into the dexter pocket of his green waistcoat; he next proceeded to butter in succession each of the numerous morsels of bread, adding, if I mistake not, precisely the same number of grains of salt to each, and then ate his breakfast, cautiously abstaining from looking at any of the journals or periodicals.

Some of the ardent politicians who frequented the cafe, expressed astonishment and contempt at this last habit, and regarded the little old man as a very Vandal, careless of the honor and interests of his country. The more judicious, and among them myself, were of a different opinion; we considered him, for precisely the same reasons, a very paragon of prudence and wisdom. Inattentive to both parties, "the man who always ate stale bread" pursued the quiet tenor of his way without change. He never attempted to form any intimacies, or suffered any unnecessary expressions to escape from his lips; his breakfast was eaten in silence, and usually terminated with the finale of a march beaten with his fingers on the table; his next step consisted in pulling up the Hessian boots to their greatest altitude, after which he paid for his breakfast, gave the waiter a sou, and left the house without saluting the *dame de comptoir*.

The worthy old gentleman's habits and peculiarities excited so much attention among the customers and waiters at the coffee-house, and his manners were so gentle and docile, that some of the younger people began to think he would prove an eligible butt for their pleasantries. A sub lieutenant, on half-pay, and in want of cheap amusement, determined one day to forestall the old gentleman in his accustomed seat, and take possession of the table to which he was attached. The little man arrived, and without being disconcerted, took his place on the opposite side.

"There is no room here for two," said the young fire eater, twirling his moustache.

"I have used this table for months," said the old man, without moving, and in a deprecating tone of voice.

The soldier could not resist the appeal, and retreated from the field. This occurrence encouraged one of the waiters to make a further trial of his equanimity; the little old man, unwilling, as I have said, to waste words, was in the habit of holding out his fore-finger to intimate the *quantum sufficit* of coffee and of cream. The waiter, pretending inadvertence, directed the stream of boiling coffee over the finger of the original, at the instant that he waved it forth as a signal to cease pouring. The sufferer rose silently from his seat, and, with an alacrity for which no one gave him credit, brought the point of his stout Hessian boot in contact with that part of the person of the waiter which was uncovered with coat tails and sent the joker spinning across the floor of the apartment.

The waiter was exiled from the coffee-room as a punishment for the attack; the justice of the master condemned him to serve for a certain space in the laboratory, as the kitchen of the cafe restaurant is called.

In the end, "the man who always ate stale bread" triumphed over his tormentors, and generally had the laughter on his own side; he did not, however, exhibit any appearance of triumph; and after one or two additional attempts at mystification, finding him quite immovable, his enemies left him to enjoy in peace his little table at the Cafe de Foy.

One day, towards the close of 1817, the old man quitted the cafe without paying for his breakfast; but as he made no observation in so doing, it was supposed that he had forgotten it, and would remember the next morning. The coffee-house keeper, however, reckoned without his host in this supposition, for the next day came, and the next, and the next—"the man who always ate stale bread" regularly pocketed his two lumps of sugar, beat his accustomed march, pulled up his Hessian boots, and did all that he had been accustomed to do, with the exception of paying his bill.

This change in his usual practice continued for a week, at the end of which time the proprietor of the coffee-house, ignorant of the name or residence of his debtor, determined upon presenting him with a bill, the more especially as the little man gave no explanation of his conduct, nor made any allusion to this remarkable change in his ancient habits.

Dominic, the chief waiter of the establishment, had become attached to the old man in consequence of the little trouble he gave and his quiet and gentle demeanor. Dominic imagined from the circumstance of his not diminishing the expense of his breakfast that the good man was merely laboring under some temporary embarrassment; so that partly from calculation and partly from good feeling, Dominic determined to become responsible to the proprietor for the past and future breakfasts, not doubting that the embarrassment would shortly cease, and that the little man would soon settle his arrears, and perhaps accompany the settlement with a gratuity for the accommodation.

But Dominic was deceived in his calculation of time; ten months elapsed without any allusion to the matter or offer of payment. The coffee-house keeper and his waiters began to shrug their shoulders and make long faces at the risk poor Dominic was running. Dominic himself, exposed to these daily doubts, began to think that he had acted too liberally in becoming responsible for a man whose debt seemed destined to go on accruing for ever, when one day the old man, without any explanation, demanded his account, settled it in full, and after a careful calculation handed to the waiter, in addition, the sum of fifteen francs six sous as his gratuity, at the rate of one sou a-day for ten months, of which four contained each thirty-one days.

If interest alone had guided the conduct of the head waiter it must be confessed that he had lamentably failed in the result, for in France the contributions to the waiters are all placed in one general cash-box, and at the end of a certain period the proceeds are divided among all the servants of the house, the master first helping himself to the lion's share; at this rate, therefore, Dominic's recompense would probably amount to a solitary sixpence. Dominic knew this, but was satisfied with the reward of his own heart; he thanked the old man graciously for the payment, placed the gratuity in the common receptacle, and transferred the other monies to his own stronghold, for he had previously paid day by day the expense of the breakfast from his own pocket.

The little man followed Dominic's movements with his eyes, at the same time beating upon the table a march, somewhat longer and a little more vehement than was his wont; but by no word or movement did he afford an indication of having understood the liberal conduct of the waiter in his behalf.

About the close of the same year—that is to say, three or four months after the liquidation of this singular debt, the proprietor of the cafe, who had realized a fortune, announced his intention of disposing of the establishment and retiring from trade.

Hearing this intention announced in the cafe, the old gentleman made a sign to Dominic, who was in attendance, to approach, and began a conversation. Dominic was as much surprised at this sudden fit of loquacity as though one of the stucco figures on the ceiling had opened its mouth and asked for a cup of coffee. But Dominic was destined to be even more surprised at the nature of the conversation.

"My friend," said the little old gentleman to the head waiter, "you are a good fellow, and I wish you well."

Dominic bowed, and elevated his shoulders with that slight movement which may be interpreted *ad libitum* to mean "I am much obliged," or "It is of little consequence to me." The old man took the former explanation, and continued—

"Dominic, I am sure you have been economical; I know this, and much more of which I do not speak, because I am too well acquainted with the value of words to throw them away—I know you have saved money."

Dominic bounded back a step or two, and the action hardly needed to be interpreted.

"He is about to ask me to lend him money," thought the head waiter.

The questioner appeared to divine the thoughts of the waiter; his visage was for an instant distorted with a grimace of which the model may be seen in the figures of the middle ages which decorate the porch of some Gothic church.

"Dominic," he continued, "I see that I am right—you have money in the funds. This is excellent; and now to reply to my question shortly and to the purpose. Do you think from your own knowledge that an intelligent man, desirous of improving his circumstances, would find this a favorable speculation in which to risk a capital so large as that demanded by your master for his business?"

Dominic was pleased to have an opportunity of talking on a subject which entirely occupied his thoughts.

"If," said he, "the purchaser understood the business so as to be able to attend to his own interests, and if he was not compelled to borrow the purchase money on extravagant terms, he would find the business a fortune."

"Well, and why do you not purchase it?"

"Mercy, I! with what?"

"With your savings."

"My savings! they do not altogether amount to ten thousand francs."

"Ten thousand francs! how long have you been in service, Dominic?"

"I have carried the napkin for twenty-three years. I am now thirty-nine."

"You are a good fellow, as I said; the man who could amass ten thousand francs by adding sou to sou would soon be worth a million at the head of a house like this. Decidedly, it must be so. Dominic, I know a person who could assist you with a loan; how much do you want?"

"Nothing. I would not incur a debt of two hundred and twenty thousand francs—the risk is too great, and the interest would probably absorb all the profit. I would rather continue a waiter for a few years longer and retire upon a small annuity, than run the risk of marching to prison in the shoes of a bankrupt."

"You speak sense, my friend, but leave the matter to me."

The old man then adjusted the folds of his boots, and departed without uttering another word. The next morning he came to the cafe half an hour earlier than was his custom. Dominic commenced arranging his table, but the old man arrested his arm.

"Where is the proprietor?" said he.

"In his cabinet," said Dominic.

"Conduct me to him."

Dominic moved forward to show the old man the way; his heart beat with violence, for although he had passed the whole of the preceding day in trying to convince himself that the good man was weak in his intellect, and was trifling with him, still his perplexity returned when he beheld the air of assurance and determination with which "the man who ate stale bread" proceeded about the business. When they were both arrived in the presence of the proprietor, the old man commenced the conversation without further preamble.

"How much do you demand for your establishment?" said he.

"Before I reply to your inquiry," said the proprietor, who suspected some mystification or scene of folly, "before I reply to your demand, and enter upon the affair with you, suffer me to ask whom I have the honor to address?"

"You are right. If two parties are about to enter into a contract, it is first of all necessary that they should know and have confidence in each other. I am the Baron Ragelet, ex commissary-general of the armies of the empire."

"Baron Ragelet!" said the proprietor, bowing; "I know the name: I have seen it lately in the newspapers."

"No doubt—in relation to an injunction obtained by my indignant family to prevent me from wasting my fortune. They say that I am a fool, and that my liberality has its origin in imbecility. During ten months, while the inquiry was going on, my property was estreated, and I refused to touch the allowance offered me. Since then the inquiry has terminated in favor of my sanity, and having again entered upon the administration of my property, I was enabled to refund to this excellent man the little sum he had the generosity to disburse for me. Now that we know each other, let us return to business. What sum do you demand for your establishment?"

"Two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"It is not perhaps too dear; and you would probably have no objection to leave some of the purchase-money on mortgage. But listen to me. The times are unsettled, and the most solid establishments are at the mercy of revolutions, and two hundred thousand francs now is better than two hundred and twenty thousand in prospect. Here, then," he continued, drawing an old portfolio from his pocket, "is two hundred thousand francs in notes of the Bank of France. If these satisfy you the affair is finished. This is my way of transacting business, and in my time I have completed more important bargains in fewer words."

Dominic and his master both seemed stupified with surprise. The baron appeared to enjoy their confusion, and rubbed his hands and repeated the grimace to which we have already alluded.

"I am willing to agree," said the proprietor; "but it is necessary that the matter should be arranged by a notary."

"Why so? Is not the sale executed in good form by the three parties present?"

"But with respect to the interest," murmured Dominic in a smothered tone of voice, seizing the baron's coat, "it is necessary—"

"Bah!" replied the old man, "I do it to oblige a friend, and am no usurer. Give me your acknowledgment—I desire nothing else. But as I have no intention of making you a present of two hundred thousand francs, I will arrange it in such a manner that you shall not long remain my debtor."

Dominic fell from his elevation, and "the man who always ate stale bread" descended to the coffee-room. While the buyer and seller were preparing themselves to register the transfer of the property he swallowed tranquilly his cup of coffee, without forgetting the two pieces of sugar to be transferred to his pocket, beat a superb march on the table, drew up his boots, and departed with his two friends to finish, by a dash of the pen, a transfer of the two hundred thousand francs.

In a few days Dominic was installed in his new dignity. The little old man continued to take his customary breakfast in his usual impassable manner, when one day, as he was leaving the room, he deviated so far from his usual custom as to approach Dominic, who was enthroned in the seat of honor, and address him with the following words:—

"Dominic," said he, "I think you have warm affections."

"Perhaps," said Dominic, fixing his eyes upon the baron, as though he would read his thoughts.

"I see," said the other, "you have them when the occasion demands it; you are right—I am pleased with the reservation. I find you have not lost your heart—marriage is the most important affair of a man's life. Dominic, you must get married."

"I have already thought of it, sir," said Dominic; "a wife would be a great source of comfort and economy—it would save the expense of a *dame de comptoir*."

"True," said the baron; "you have need of aid and counsel—you shall have them. Be ready at eight o'clock this evening; I will call for you, and we will pay a visit together."

The appointed hour arrived, and with it the baron. Dominic was ready, and accompanied Monsieur Ragelet in a hackney coach to that quarter of decayed wealth—the Faubourg St. Germain. Here they stopped at the door of a house of mean appearance, and having ascended several flights of stairs, entered a small apartment, where they found two ladies, who received them with marked attention.

"Madame Dupre," said the baron to one of them, with an appearance of friendly familiarity, "this is the worthy man of whom I have spoken, and in whose welfare I hope to interest you. Dominic," continued he, turning towards the coffee-house keeper, "this lady is the widow of a man who has rendered me many important services. She has promised to extend her favors to you, and will permit you to visit her at intervals."

While Monsieur Ragelet was making these introductions in due form, the daughter of Madame Dupre, whose name was Rose, and who, without being exactly beautiful, possessed all the freshness and bloom of the flower whose name she bore, regarded Dominic attentively, and he in return bestowed on her a large share of his attention. The result of this double investigation appeared favorable to both parties, for Dominic was well-formed, and with good features, and his countenance reflected the goodness and gentleness of his heart. He had also taken care at his first introduction to set off his person to the best advantage, believing the old adage, that, with the ladies, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*

But the meanness of the apartment, and simple and unexpensive dresses of the ladies, somewhat disappointed Dominic. He was anxious at the earliest possible moment to return the baron's loan, and indeed thought, from a hint the baron had dropped, that it was his intention to introduce him to a lady of property, with some sum towards the liquidation of his debt. But observing such obvious signs of want of wealth in the Dupres, he came to the conclusion that the baron was now desirous of marrying him to a girl who had been under his protection, in return for the favors which he had just bestowed. This thought occasioned Dominic great uneasiness; but whatever the appearances might be, the conclusion was a wrong one. The next day, as the interview had been satisfactory between the young people, the baron announced to Dominic his plans in full. He stated the nature of the obligations conferred upon him by the elder Dupre, and his desire, as the family were left in adverse circumstances, to return the obligation without alarming their delicacy; and this, he thought, he could best do by effecting a marriage between Dominic and the daughter of his friend.

Dominic was satisfied with this explanation and arrangement; the young lady appeared truly amiable, and desirable as a partner for life; and before a week had elapsed Dominic made a formal offer of his hand and heart, and was duly accepted by the *protege* of "the man who always ate stale bread."

The marriage was soon after solemnized; and the same day, after his customary breakfast, the baron beckoned to Dominic to approach.

"You have done well," said he; "you have married, without interested motives, a woman desirous and capable of rendering you happy. I told you I should find the means to cancel the debt you owe me; it is the dowry of Rose. And here," continued he, tearing the two hundred thousand franc bill in pieces, "I destroy the acknowledgment you gave for the money. Enjoy it, and be happy."

Dominic, full of gratitude, would have thrown himself at the baron's feet, but he was already out of the door.

"Two or three such reparations," he muttered to himself, as he walked swiftly away, "and I shall die contented and absolved; and these are what my relations call prodigal dilapidations of my fortune."

May all those who wallow in ill-acquired wealth render the same atonement to society as Baron Ragelet; and may they be happy in the selection of their objects!

Dominic verified the prediction of the baron, and became a millionaire. He improved the establishment in the Palais Royal, and having brought it to its present state of perfection, sold the property for five hundred thousand francs. He is now a retired citizen, residing in a noble hotel in the Rue St. Honore, and member of the Camber of Deputies, distinguished chiefly for the simple probity of his character. Neither he nor Rose have ever forgotten or hesitated to acknowledge their obligations to "the man who always ate stale bread."

COUNTING THE TURF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"Look here, Mary," said Mrs. Alderman B——— to her maid, who had just told her that the cartman was below with the turf she had ordered, "if that is old Joe again, then you see to the unloading, and keep a sharp look out. He is a thorough scoundrel, and cheated us the last time out of at least a hundred pieces."

"Well, he'll let that be when I am there," replied Mary. "I'll keep a good look-out. How many do you take this time?"

"He need only put in a thousand pieces, and may bring more next month; we haven't room for more in the loft. Keep a good look-out. The money lies on the table, and for the sixpence which I added to it he may take a drink."

"Very well, ma'am," said Mary, as she took the money from the table, and left the room.

In the meantime the old turf-cartman, Joe, drove into the yard, and drew up under the loft used for storing turf. He had placed his boy at the door to catch the turf as he threw it to him, and next to him, looking out of the kitchen window, was Mary. From where she was she could easily watch the unloading, and count the pieces of turf. Old Joe couldn't fool her any way.

"Well, Miss," said the old man, when he saw her at the window, "how do you do? As lively as ever, heh? We're all ready, and the boy is up there waiting. Thousand, as usual? Then we can begin immediately.

"Yes, Joe, as usual," replied she, "but this time I have to request you to count better. On your last thousand there were at least a hundred short, and Mrs. B——— was very angry."

"But, my dear Miss," cried old Joe, "how can you think of such a thing? If I ever make a mistake, it's sure to be against me. I am too good, and a man that's too good can't get along in this bad world."

"Begin, Joe, I haven't much order since I have undertaken the management of the household, and can go up to my mistress again."

"Certainly, Miss. Just count with me. See, I take four at a time, and count to two hundred and fifty; and now look-out, Bill, that you don't let any fall. The mistress don't like it when they are broken. Now, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Oh, Lord, my old back, he can't stand bending as well as usual. Strange; how sprightly you are yet, Miss; must be a good while that you are in this house?"

"I? Yes, I believe you," replied Mary, flattered thereby—"next spring it will be fifteen years."

"Fifteen years?" cried Joe, astonished; "my goodness, in one place fifteen—h'm, h'm, h'm—16, 17, 18," he continued, counting the turf, "19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26—why, then, you must soon be thirty?"

"Thirty?" she laughed. "I am thirty-seven."

"Now, just look at that," said Joe, shaking his head: "one wouldn't think so to look at you. Thirty-seven—look out, Bill—38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52. Yes, yes, we all get old, that's an old story, and the world don't get younger. How old do you think I am?"

"Well, now," replied Mary, "about fifty."

"Oh, no, fifty," laughed old Joe, taking up four pieces of turf, "I have nothing to do with the fifties any more. Last week I was sixty—61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75—but one begins to feel it," said he, stopping again, stretching himself, and taking hold of a new pile of turf, he continued, "and still it's only last year that I lost my mother. That's a blessing of the Lord, to be so old."

"Your mother, Joe," cried the girl, astonished; "why how old did she get?"

"She was eighty-four," said Joe, nodding his head. "Yes, eighty-four is a nice old age—85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Well, they are up—how is Mrs. Alderman B———, is she all well?"

"Oh, I thank you, pretty well. She always complains about her nerves."

"She complains about her nerves, eh! Yes, that's an awful thing with the fashionable ladies—they've always got nerves. You know Mrs. Alderman H———, in P——— Street?"

"Well, I guess I do," said Mary, who took a lively interest in anything concerning other families; "my sister was once a week in her employ. That's a regular she devil."

"You don't say so? One wouldn't think so to look at her. She is dead now. Peace to her ashes."

"She is dead?" cried Mary, astonished. "Why, we haven't heard anything of that yet."

"Well, if she's not dead yet, she's dying. She also complained of her nerves, and they gave her pills; first ten a day, then twenty, then thirty, till they brought it to 112. After that she couldn't stand it."

"Hundred and twelve pills a day," cried Mary, clasping her hands.

"Well, you wouldn't think it possible—113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133."

"I say, Joe, did you bring good turf?" said Mrs. Alderman B———, who now appeared at the kitchen window.

"Oh, good morning, ma'am," cried the old man, stopping a moment in his own work. "Yes, splendid turf, this time—as dry as powder—Just think of the warm weather."

"But count better this time than you did before."

"Count better, my dear madam. Nobody takes more care than I, and your girl is there and looks on. You may count them over again."

"Oh, you know very well we can't count them over again," said Mrs. B———; "last time there were at least a hundred and fifty wanting."

"It isn't possible," said the old man, shaking his head, "hundred and fifty—God forbid—151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162."

"How many do you take at a time?" asked Mrs. B———.

"Four, ma'am," was the answer; "it goes better; see, one, two, three, four; 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171."

Mrs. B——— looked on till he had come to 200; then she went back to her room, and Joe straightened himself, as if he wanted to rest himself a minute.

"Well," said he, "now we are done with the hundreds, and now we must put up the 50. I wish she would buy the rest of the turf, so that I needn't go further into the city."

"Oh, if we had room," said Mary, "in the city everything is so cramped."

"The Lord knows it," murmured the old man, while he began to count, "I wouldn't live in the city—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. You heard of the murder of the apprentice by the locksmith's wife?"

"Oh, Lord, it's awful," groaned the girl, "and a woman of her age, too."

"The mother of seventeen children," nodded the old man. "Seventeen children?" cried Mary, clasping her hands. "Yes, it's awful," said Joe, with a sigh—"seventeen living children—18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32. And about what was the whole thing," continued the old man; "about a small sum of money, for which she has made herself and all her family miserable."

"But," said Mary, "he's said to have had six hundred dollars.

"Six hundred dollars?" cried Joe, getting ready for a throw; "where could he have got six hundred dollars from. It was for the mere trifle of forty dollars."

"For only forty dollars?" "Not a penny more than forty—41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50. There, 250, four times makes a thousand," said Joe, clapping his hands a few times, and then wiping them on his pants. "Well, this time she'll be satisfied with my counting."

"Here, Joe," said Mary, throwing him the money, wrapped in paper, "is your pay; there's sixpence more for a drink."

"Much obliged; will drink to her health; if you want any more, don't forget old Joe." Saying which, he turned his wagon, the boy came down and jumped on behind, and Joe went through the gate, whistling and cracking his whip.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

A painter who was fond of hearing his works praised, was one day told that Judge ——— did not think very favorably of a performance of his. "Oh," said the artist, to his informant, "what is his opinion good for! he isn't a judge of painting—he's a *Judge of Probate.*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

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TERMS, &c.

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The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

We call the attention of chance readers of THE POST to our Prospectus for Next Year in another column. They will see by reading it, we think, that they cannot do better than enroll themselves upon the long list of our subscribers. The **$1,680** story, by the distinguished author, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, will be of itself worth the price of the paper to club subscribers—Mr. James's last novel, LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE, is now selling in book form for $1,25. And then, besides, we design furnishing THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT, a Series of BRILLIANT ARTICLES from GRACE GREENWOOD, a NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, &c., &c., &c. Add to these our MISCELLANEOUS and AGRICULTURAL Articles, the SELECTIONS from FOREIGN SOURCES, the FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., and our subscribers will have about TEN times the worth of their money. But see Prospectus.

TRAVELLERS' STORIES.

The New England portion of the emigration to the West, is apt to consider itself a little bit better than the rest of its fellow citizens, either West or East of the Mountains. What then will be the sensations of this large and, it must be confessed, intelligent and energetic class, when it reads the following, which is a passage from a recent letter written by the Right Honorable Edward Ellice, M. P., who is on a visit to the United States:—

"After my first visit I went to Boston. The journey gave me the opportunity of seeing New England—with which I was more than gratified, in every sense. The prosperity of the towns, the general appearance of ease and wealth, the magnificence of the houses, a general appearance of aristocracy—in whatever sense one interprets that word—the absence of poor and poverty. I should say it was the most perfect state of society for the whole community. The prevailing moral and religious feeling and influence *banishes their bad subjects to the West*, and prevents their infliction by the same worthies vomited by the emigration of the old world. This is only a picture of New England, not of America, for you have only to go to New York to see the contrast."

Ah, now we have it explained—the reason why so many New Englanders are to be found between the western boundaries of New York and Pennsylvania, and the Pacific ocean:—"The prevailing moral and religious feeling and influence in New England, banishes their *bad subjects* to the West." The Right Honorable Mr. Ellice says this—and he has evidently investigated the matter, for that is just what he came across the Atlantic to do. For how much moral, curious and interesting information is not every country indebted to strangers! Every month almost we learn something new about this country, from the pens of distinguished visitors. And no doubt other countries profit in the same way from American visitors—as, for instance, when an American lady proclaimed in her book, the other day, that in a certain village of Germany, the young girls were—at this very time, reader—put up for sale for the year to the highest bidder! with sundry other statements, of a similarly marvellous character, which must be highly instructive to those who have lived all their lives in Germany, without so much as dreaming of the truth of such things. Well, from a very early period, it has been the privilege of travellers "to spy out the nakedness of the land," and we do not suppose that their sight is any worse than it used to be. Only it would be well, in view of the many singular statements made respecting our own country, not to place too much reliance on the strange stories told respecting other nations. Why, only the other day, we published a denial—apparently well sustained—of the common statement that the Turks believe that women have no souls; and yet what travellers' story has been sustained by a greater cloud of witnesses?

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.—The Daily *North American*, of this city, published, the next morning after the delivery of the President's Message, the Message itself, all the regular Annual Reports, with all their illustrative reports, and the leading correspondence of the Department of State with Central America and Mexico.

The amount of matter thus issued in one edition—the regular and a supplement—speaks highly for the enterprise of our neighbors, and throws the leading New York dailies quite into the shade.

☞ The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of the Genesee Farmer, in another column.

THE LOTTERY SYSTEM.

The course of life is continually affording proof of the folly of trusting to games and systems of chance for that pecuniary independence which should come as the result of patient industry and careful economy. A recent instance is that of a Mr. Albright, an ex-editor, who was lately sent to an insane hospital in the State of Ohio. The *Lancaster* (*Pa.*) *Examiner*, in giving a brief sketch of the life of this unfortunate man, says:—

Attaining his majority, he started a paper in this city, and continued publishing it for many years. This, although not a very profitable business, afforded him a decent income, and *allowed him to live in a style of manly independence and comfort.* At this time, and when thus situated, it was his *misfortune* to draw a prize of several thousand dollars in a lottery. *From this point his downward career commenced. His income was expended in buying lottery tickets; his business neglected, and in a short time he was bankrupt.*

And this is the usual history of such cases. If a *prize* happens to be drawn, the man's ruin is almost certain. Continued ill-luck may save him who embarks in the mad scheme of making a fortune out of a lottery; but once a prize is secured, recovery seems hopeless. Henceforward all the small rewards of honest and society-benefitting industry seem mean and contemptible. He has seen opened before him the vista to sudden fortune, and cannot bide the least delay. Certain benevolent gentlemen—with no selfish ends of their own to answer—have gotten up schemes by which their poverty stricken fellow men are to be made millionaires—and what folly and madness to refuse such philanthropic offers! So the poor dupe reasons—not seeing what is plain as day, that the benevolent gentlemen aforesaid, are bent upon their own good, careless of that of others—carrying out to the letter that text of Scripture which commands us "not to seek our own, but every one another's wealth." And so he bites first at one glittering "scheme," and then at another, until he ends in the hovel, or the poor-house, or the insane asylum—while the crafty fishers of men, who have monthly and yearly fed upon the silly dupe, dwell in their lordly mansions, and laugh at the credulity of the masses of mankind. Well, it also is, "the old, old story"—and the words of wisdom, now as ever, fall upon closed and unwilling ears. For "though you bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

THE "PRINCESS" AGAIN.—The Paris *Figaro* avers, we know not with how much truth, that "there is at Rome a shop bearing the following inscription:—

"'PICCOLOMINI PIZZICAQUOLO,
"'*Padre della celebre Cantate,*'

which means 'Piccolomini, pork butcher, father of the celebrated singer.' This inscription, adds *Figaro*, finishes forever the discussion upon the origin of the representative of *La Traviata*. Some say she descends from a Pope, and others trace her up to a pork butcher."

If the above story as to the occupation of the father of the enchanting singer be true, we would advise Manager Ullman to take the Piccolomini at once to Cincinnati. Such a descent could hardly fail to enlist the most intense and passionate sympathy on the part of the fashionables of that city—the most of whose "aires" are also in the pork and bacon line. Playing this "card" with that skill which Mr. Ullman knows so well how to use, he might reap a golden harvest for himself and the Marchioness—we mean Princess.

It might be an interesting question, were one inclined to pursue it, whether the child of a pork butcher would not more naturally take to fashionable music than less favored individuals. There is something in the wild song of the pig, when it apprehends danger, not entirely unlike some of those long-drawn-out notes which we have heard in concert rooms and upon the stage. There is a "power of sustainment" especially, in the voice of the animal in question, which would be truly remarkable, did we not impute it, we trust correctly, "to the labial, dental and physiological exactness of its organs of utterance."

THE BONE-CARRYING GHOST.—Dr. Orton, in describing a late feat of this "spirit," who evidently was a surgeon while in the flesh, and therefore not quite so averse to old bones as the generality of people, says:—

"At last, as all of us were standing at the table, suddenly there fell down in the midst of us *a bag containing sixty-one* of the smallest bones of the human body. This bag was of muslin, and about fifteen inches long, and it fell directly before my face—much nearer to me than to the other parties present—in a direct line apparently from the ceiling, and with such force that it marked the table where it struck."

It seems reasonable that if the above bag of sixty-one bones was heavy enough to make a mark on the table where it struck, it could hardly come through the ceiling without leaving a hole behind it. And yet nothing is said about the condition of the ceiling. We think this is a great omission, and would suggest the appoint- of a committee to examine into th- f the ceiling was injured, it would be a clear case of trespass, we should think, and the bag of bones might be publicly sold to the highest bidder, to pay expenses. It would undoubtedly bring a high price, for any "curiosity man" might make his fortune by exhibiting it at a shilling a sight. The greatest danger in buying it would be, that other exhibitors would be continually claiming that they had the original bones, and that the real "Simon Pure" were only the counterfeit. Perhaps, however, the services of the "ghost" also could be procured "for a consideration," and his testimony at any exhibition would effectually silence all skeptics, doubters and rivals. He might be appropriately dubbed in the bills, "Bradder Bones." Where's Barnum—the Bonyparte of showmen?

A FOOL made a wager in Cincinnati, on Friday, that he could eat a cheese weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. When he had eaten about half, he was seized with most violent vomiting, which will likely kill him.

If, as would appear from the above, it takes about fifteen pounds of cheese to kill a "fool," how many pounds would it take to kill a wise man? There is a question for our algebraical contributors.

A LITERARY CLUB.—Measures are being taken in Boston, we are pleased to learn, for the establishment of a "Literary Club," upon a "broad basis, and a liberal and comprehensive plan." Not only authors and artists, but men who love and patronize literature and art, are to be admitted members, and have the privileges of the Institution. Messrs. Bancroft, President King of Columbia College, Emerson, Holmes, &c., are said to take an interest in the movement. A Boston correspondent of the Home Journal says:—

Literary men owe it to their best interests to stand by each other, to make common cause in behalf of common interests, and to be more friendly and genial in their relations! They are the only great class in this country destitute of a proper *esprit de corps*, and whose members thus far have resisted that tendency to association for the promotion of mutual interests, which is one of the most striking peculiarities of the time.

We approve the scheme, of course, heartily. Such a Club, properly constituted and managed, would doubtless have a very happy effect in allaying that acerbity, to call it by no harsher name, which so often exists between prominent authors, artists, &c. But, in order that the association should succeed, one by-law must be enacted, and be held utterly irrepealable. We mean a law forbidding any author or artist to ask another if he has read or seen that little poem or picture of his. In fact, we question whether it would not be better to forbid, under heavy penalties, the least allusion to one's own remarkable productions, or the quality of your particular genius. Another by-law moreover should render it a sufficient reason for immediate expulsion, for any seedy member to ask another, while in the sacred precincts of the club-room, for "the trifling loan of a quarter." These regulations, and some others that we may hereafter allude to, we consider indispensable to success. As to the "broad basis" of the membership, we should be willing to admit almost everybody, with the single exception of Dr. Holmes—for it is evident that he talks well enough, and is sufficient of an Autocrat, to break up a dozen associations. Perhaps, however, the difficulty in his case might be avoided by electing him Perpetual President.

THE JUDGE WATROUS CASE.—It seems to us that the discussion of the question whether Judge Watrous deserves to be impeached, by the House of Representatives, involves a great expense upon a comparatively trifling subject. And in case the Judge has to be tried by the Senate, the waste of time and money will be still greater. When we consider the many more important questions pressing upon the consideration of Congress, it seems a pity that the Constitution has provided so expensive and cumbrous a mode of trying the alleged peccadilloes of the federal judiciary. It is almost a question, under the present constitutional arrangement, whether a bad judge had better not be allowed to go on dispensing injustice in his district, than that all the weighty matters of public concern should be delayed by his impeachment. In fact, a few badly behaved Judges every year, might delay the course of legislation to an almost insufferable extent, and cost more than all their heads were worth, computing them at a dollar a hair, and allowing amply for bald spaces. Why not change the Constitution in this respect, so that a special court might be appointed by the Executive, with the usual sanction of two-thirds of the Senate, for the trial of all such cases?

HOW IT HAPPENED.—We owe an apology to certain of our country subscribers for a delay in forwarding their papers last week. Holding back for the Message was partly the cause—but, added to that, were other delays originating in the perverseness, at certain times, of men and machinery, from which even the best regulated establishments are not altogether exempt. His Satanic Majesty seemed to have a peculiar spite at us and our readers last week—and put into sundry brains and pieces of wood and iron the "very old Nicholas." Well, we forgive him, as we hope—by our impatient subscribers—to be forgiven.

New Publications.

THE STRATFORD GALLERY; OR, THE SHAKSPEARE SISTERHOOD, (D. Appleton & Co., New York, Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia,) a superb gift book which we recently announced as in press, has appeared. It contains forty-five ideal portraits of Shakspeare's women, done on steel by various artists of more or less eminence, together with descriptions and critical remarks from the pen of Mrs. J. W. Palmer. Some of the pictures are fine. Among the best of them may be noticed one of Celia, from *As You Like It*—a pensively innocent shepherdess beauty, as here imagined: then Viola, from *Twelfth Night*—a patrician maiden, noble and debonair, in the graceful garb of a page; the Countess Olivia, too, a face and form of soft Spanish loveliness; Perdita, from the *Winter's Tale*—"the queen of curds and cream"—"the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward"—with flowers in her hair and in her hand, such, we may fancy, as she so exquisitely describes—

—"daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one."

Then the mad Cassandra—a pallid sybil rushing by with wild, dilated eyes, the cry of alarm on her lips, her dark tresses dishevelled, her garments flying free, the Greek grace of her slender figure unbroken in the passion of her movement, the stormy clouds darkly lowering through the classic columns of Troy behind her. Other fine engravings there are, and some not so fine, but we cannot particularize further. The book is splendidly bound, and its heavy covers of crimson leather, embossed with arabesques of gold, will make it the jewel of the centre-table. Mrs. Palmer's part in it is done with sufficient skill. The dedication is pleasantly piquant: "To J. W. P. The most exacting and the most encouraging. 'Something between a hindurance and a help.'" To those who want to know who "J. W. P." is, we can only remark that since MRS. J. W. Palmer has foreborne to tell, it would be indiscreet to say.—Mrs. Palmer's comments on the characters are always gracefully written, and though slight, with due appreciation. We must, however, think her wrong about Juliet's "runaway's eyes." Perhaps the public, though, who will read what she has written on this point, will think her right. At anyrate, what Juliet and Juliet's author meant, whether "runaway's eyes," "enemies' eyes," or "rumore's eyes," we shall not know positively until our eyes see the original manuscripts of the plays, which are, we suppose, hidden somewhere, and may possibly some day be found.

THE MODERN COOK, by CHARLES ELME FRANCATELLI, (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a most aristocratic treatise on the art of cookery. Francatelli is a pupil of the celebrated Carême—one of the most illustrious of cooks—and was lately chief-cook to her Britannic Majesty. A series of her Majesty's bills of fare, appended to the work, enable the reverential reader to see upon what sort of victuals royalty is fattened. An attentive perusal of these lists of dainties makes one feel mildly towards the people whom the grim Carlyle, with scowling scorn, characterizes as a "gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles lumbering along in pot-bellied equanimity"—this being the kind of equanimity Francatelli induces one to consider rather agreeable than otherwise. As a cook-book the work can only be valuable to hotels, restaurants, or very rich families who get up grand dinners. Everything in it is expensive and elaborate, and devised on a large scale. For instance, to make turtle soup we are directed to "procure a fine lively fat turtle weighing about 120 pounds!" Dear Signor Francatelli, how *can* we common folks procure a turtle of such imposing avordupois? But Signor Francatelli is altogether above common folks, and in his preface characterizes his treatise, with a sublime sneer, as one "by which refined taste is to be *gratified* rather than a coarse appetite *satisfied*." *He* cooks for epicures.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October, (Leonard Scott & Co., New York,) comes to hand, reminding us of the annual good word the American republication of the five leading British periodicals deserves at our hands. In the London Quarterly we have the Conservative standpoint in politics, literature and religion; in the Edinburgh the Whig; in Blackwood the Tory; in the Westminster the Liberal; while the North British is still the organ of the Free Church of Scotland, and the whole five contain the fruits of the best intellect and scholarship of their respective parties. This mass of excellent reading for which an Englishman has to pay $31, the enterprise of our American publishers furnishes to the public for $10. No one who wishes to know what is going on in the intellectual world can do without these publications, and as this is the proper time to subscribe for the new year, we will say that any one of the four reviews can be had for $3 per annum, two for $5, three for $7, four for $8, Blackwood and four for $9, the whole five for $10.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is unquestionably one of the finest of Sir Walter Scott's romances. Who but has dwelt with intensest interest on the feats and fortunes of stout Hal of the Wynd, and forgotten the outer world in biding the issue of his terrific combat at the last, with Torquil and his sons? Who but has listened with beauteous Catherine Glover at the crevice of the dreadful dungeon wherein poor Rothsay starves? Whose heart but dances with the dancing feet at the Fair Maid's wedding, when the stirring drama softens to its nuptial close? The volumes which revive again these forms and sceneries in the lighted mind, are two more of the beautiful household edition of the Waverley novels—an edition whose success is certainly magnificent, if the current statement of the sale of one hundred and thirty-five thousand copies, may be relied on.

JESSIE; OR, TRYING TO BE SOMEBODY, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is one of the "Aimwell stories"—a series of juvenile books sought for by parents who like to give their good boys and girls presents at this season. Having placed this book in their hopeful's Christmas stocking, the fond parents of Limby Lumpy will be enabled to observe with truth that they "gave him Jessie"—which is just what that exemplary youth ought and ought not to receive. "Our Charlie," too, may be helped on his childish way a little by an "Aimwell story" to read with his Arabian Nights and Fairy Tales.

LADY BLESSINGTON'S CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON, (William Veazie, Boston,) were originally contributed to the English "New Monthly Magazine" in 1832. We now have them in a well-printed volume, with a portrait of the beautiful and brilliant Irishwoman whose influence on Byron was so happy, and to whom we owe those pages, which so well understand him, and represent him so fairly.

META GRAY; OR WHAT MAKES HOME HAPPY. By M. J. McINTOSH. Appleton & Co., New York.

SUNSHINE; OR KATE VERNON. By HARRIET B. M'KEEVER. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

NIGHTCAPS, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) one of "Aunt Fanny's" budget of Christmas Tales for children, will rather amuse grown up people than little people, though it has a good new story about Dame Trot and her Cat, which does not fly too high. Apart from its mistaken maturity, it is uncommonly clever.

MATHEW CARABY (Mason Brothers, New York,) is a novel with enough power and interest of its own to make one regret that the author should have disfigured it with imitations of other writers. Prologue and epilogue are after the fashion of Sue, touched with Lippard, and the manner of Dickens is assumed everywhere—witness the account of Mathew's trial for the alleged murder of Mr. Harsford. This is wrong. A man that can swim should swim without corks, and these affectations only injure the effect of an otherwise agreeable novel.

☞ In whatsoever house you enter, remain master of your eyes and your tongue.

BOARDING OF THE STEAMER WASHINGTON BY BRITISH OFFICERS AT SAN JUAN, NICARAGUA.—ARRIVAL HOME.—The Washington, from Nicaragua, arrived at New York on the 10th.

She arrived off San Juan, on the 18th ult. When outside of the harbor, she was boarded by a boat from the U. S. frigate Savannah. She entered the harbor at noon.

The U. S. frigate Savannah and sloop-of-war Jamestown, and British ships of-war Leopard and Valorous, were in port. Sir Wm. Gore Ousely was on board the latter vessel.

Col. Childs, the Steamer Company's agent, gave information that nothing had been heard of the steamer Hermann, and that the Government of Nicaragua refused to permit the passengers by the Washington to go through the country, alleging that they were filibusters.

The steamer Washington was boarded by English officers from the Leopard and Valorous, with side arms, who asked questions as to whether there were arms and ammunition on board, and requested to see the passenger list. They were informed that the ship had been boarded by the officers of the U. S. frigate Savannah, who would give them all necessary information regarding the character of the vessel. The officers replied that they were instructed to obtain such information direct. They did not insist, however, on the hatches being taken off, and left suddenly. The same day the steamer Leopard went to the mouth of the Colorado to intercept two hundred and fifty filibusters, which it was reported the Washington had landed there the previous night.

Our boat could not get up the San Juan, owing to low water, and had proceeded to the mouth of the Colorado, where it arrived at daylight the next morning, just in time to be seen by the officers of the Leopard. The boat was chased by the boats from the Leopard, with a howitzer and small arms; and having overtaken it, but finding no filibusters on board, they went back to their own ship, which returned to Greytown on the 25th.

The Roanoke arrived at Greytown with information that the Hermann had proceeded to San Francisco.

The Government, however, became finally satisfied that there were no filibusters either on board the Washington or Hermann, and the steamer was permitted to land at Virgin Bay. The Agent of the Company proceeded to San Juan del Sur, to look after the Hermann.

One hundred passengers returned to New York by the Washington, and two hundred and fifty passengers proceeded to San Francisco.

THE BROKER AND THE BULL DOG.—A laughable incident occurred in Commercial street, Boston, lately. A State street broker having business in a store there, had left his horse and chaise in the street near the door. On his return he found to his dismay that a fierce and powerful bull dog had taken possession of the bottom of the chaise, and snarled defiance at the broker as he attempted to get in. All attempts to pacify and dispisoe the beast proved unavailing, and in despair he dispatched a messenger for the police. A police officer came and could suggest no better plan than a gun to shoot the intruder. One was sent for, but in the meantime a gentleman came along who stated that he had considerable experience in dog matters, and he was allowed to try his hand. Cautiously approaching the chaise, he was received with the usual snarl, but keeping his eye full upon the animal, he carefully placed one foot upon the step. With equal precaution he gradually advanced, the dog still exhibiting hostile symptoms, until watching his opportunity he suddenly slid into the seat of the chaise and grasped the reins. The dog peered into his face, but as the horses started he suddenly leaped out and disappeared. The broker then took possession of his chaise amidst the cheers of a large crowd of people who had assembled to witness the scene.—*Traveller.*

THE ESCAPE OF THE NICARAGUAN FILIBUSTERS—A CRISIS IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—Washington, December 11.—The recent escape of the filibusters from Mobile, excites the most intense interest in official quarters, as it is considered that if they shall be arrested by the British and other foreign forces, the feeling of this country might be aroused to a high degree of excitement, and reinforcements go to their rescue. Hence a crisis in the Foreign Relations of our Government would be precipitated, and a most angry and threatening state of things probably result between our Government and those of Great Britain, France and Spain. The question would arise, whether the European Governments should be allowed to interfere for the regulation of affairs upon the American continent, to the prevention of which our Government would be committed. The Union of this morning, referring to the subject, says:—"It is to be hoped that our own naval vessels may yet succeed in intercepting the fugitive schooner 'Susan,' bringing her back to our ports, and preserving this filibuster question still longer, as a purely domestic one in our policy. Upon the vigilance of our officers, in the waters of the Gulf, may depend, in a great measure, the peace of the world."

CURIOUS MOVE OF CERTAIN UNITARIANS.—The N. Y. correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says:—

"Unitarians are turning Puseyites. Not long since a Unitarian church was dedicated in Marietta, Ohio, the walls of which were decorated with Scriptural scenes. It was built by an old, conservative Unitarian, and the officers of the 'American Unitarian Association' took part in the dedicatory exercises. The Brooklyn Unitarians are going a step beyond this. The Rev. Mr. Longfellow (brother of the poet) has announced that on Sunday evening next 'vespers' will be performed in his church—the Second Unitarian—the service having been carefully prepared by Mr. L., to be continued on alternate Sabbath evenings. The regular service at this church differs from most other Congregational churches, as it includes, besides the ordinary services of such churches, 'silent' and audible prayers, anthems, chants, &c.; thus combining portions of the Congregational, Episcopal, and Quaker modes of worship. It is said to be impressive. So we go."

A JUROR CORRECTING A JUDGE.—A Judge in Cincinnati, last week had just charged the jury in a very important case, when, to the great astonishment of all present, a professional juror, who happened to be on, arose from his seat and begged to call the attention of his honor to a slight mistake he had made in his charge, and actually quoted authorities to sustain his opinion. Upon referring to his citations, it was found, to the no small amusement of the spectators, that the juryman was right and his honor was wrong; whereupon, with all due gravity he informed the bench that he knew he was correct, as he had been charged at least forty times on the same point in the last four months, and couldn't be mistaken!

A BRUSSELS correspondent of the Washington States says:

"A certain American heiress of immense wealth, and whilom a great Washington belle, quite a Ko-i noor in priceless setting, a few days ago arrived in Brussels for the purpose of being married to an Austrian baron. The whole thing is yet a secret, or supposed to be. The ceremony is to be performed first by a clergyman of the bride's persuasion, at the American Legation, and then by the Pope's Nuncio at the hotel of the Austrian Embassy."

ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.—New York, Dec. 11.—The U. S. steamer Niagara has arrived. She arrived at Monrovia on the 8th of November, and landed there two hundred of the Africans rescued from the schooner Echo.—Seventy-one died on board during the passage. She sailed from Monrovia on the 10th ult.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiar, adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS;

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

our readers' and the public's old and approved friend, has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of *MY LAST CRUISE*, as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c., &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

While THE POST thus presents Literary attractions of the very highest order—designed for a more intelligent class of readers than those who take delight in the "blood and murder" and "sawdust" literature of the "flash weeklies"—it does not neglect those departments that the Family Circle equally requires. It publishes weekly

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

ANECDOTE OF PROF. AGASSIZ.—The New York Evening Post tells the following curious fact connected with Prof. Agassiz's recent visit to the Adirondack, and the "philosopher's camp":—

Among other sports, these *savans* indulged in shooting, and in the absence of game more adapted to stir up the blood, it was their custom to fire at the butt end of a junk bottle. It was found that Agassiz was the best shot in the party, and not only that, but a very excellent shot, whose ball went straight home every time, guided by a steady hand, an eye that wandered not a hair's breadth from the mark. And yet the distinguished naturalist was no sportsman, and had never practised with firearms, and his skill was merely the result of long practice in the use of *the microscope*. The muscles of the eye and of the hand had been brought under such control, and disciplined to such accuracy in the use of this instrument, that the professor found himself unexpectedly bearing the palm in an untried art. Science had rewarded his devotion to her cause by endowing him with a new accomplishment.

WALKING BLINDFOLD.—An event of curious character occurred at the Boulevards of Paris. Count Alton had booked a wager at the Jockey Club that he would walk blinded from the Bastile in a straight line to the Madeline, a distance of four miles. Accordingly, at 2 o'clock in the night, when the Boulevard was deserted, and not a soul abroad, the members of the club witnessed the start, and followed at a proper distance. He had a cane, and picked his way well enough till he came to the intersection of the Sebastopol Boulevard and that of Strasburg. Here a solution of continuity occurring and the footpath on either side failing to guide him, he hesitated, and losing the points of the compass, he blundered to the north, and arrived at the railway terminus, losing his bet, which was forty thousand francs. He ought to have been ashamed of himself—a blind man would have done better.

CHEAP POULTRY.—Chickens were sold in the market at Cincinnati, Ohio, Friday week, at ten cents per pair, and good sized turkeys at twenty-five cents each!

A MODEL BARN, CHEESE MAKING, &c.

FARM, Onondaga County, N. Y.

Mr. Editor of the St. Ev. Post:—

With the dairymen, as a class, in the town of Fabius, Onondaga county, there is a general disposition to improvement, in all things pertaining to the proper care of cows, the manufacture of cheese, and all the appliances of the dairy business; all endeavoring to pursue that course which will produce the greatest amount of good cheese from a given number of cows, with the most economical method of feeding, combined with the most expeditious, inexpensive, and unlaborious modes of performing the whole routine of dairy duties. As an auxiliary to these ends we see not only large and convenient barns for the stabling, feeding, and milking of cows, but smaller buildings near by for the making and storing of cheese, and the reception of whey, together with many other adjuncts, which a ruder state of the business does not exhibit.

Among the many premises on which these improvements are displayed, and as deserving of attention, I would mention that known as the "Tiaughnoga Dairy," under the supervision of the proprietor, Mr. J. E. Pettit. Mr. Pettit was bred a professional merchant. While still a young man, he turned from the store to the farm, where he thought he could fulfill a higher destiny than awaited him in the poisonous atmosphere of a counting-room. He is a man of more than ordinary intelligence; and combines skill with energy in all his undertakings. With him, he has carried his habits of system and order; and every vestige of his operations, show their results. He is a pioneer in the onward march of dairying. He has made some accessions to the farm on which his father, the Hon. Jno. Pettit, before him pursued a mixed system of tillage and sheep husbandry—the major part of the farm consisting of hill-sides too steep, or swamps too low, for the plough. The son, after continuing the father's management a short time, saw the error of filling such a surface, and discarding the whole system, converted the premises at once into a dairy farm, and many are the acres of swampy, and low, clay lands, that by a thorough practice of ridge ploughing, underdraining, and trenching, he has rendered highly productive for grass and nutritious roots for feeding stock. Improvement is also marching up the hill-sides. On the more bleak and exposed ridges, after giving the soil a deep and fine pulverising, he has set out an orchard of vigorous and hardy growth, not only as a breastwork against wind and sun, and a retainer of snow to prevent the winter-killing effects of frost, but for the apple fruit, which, aside from other purposes, is unequalled, when given to cows for the production of milk. Gypsum, stable-manure, and other fertilising materials, are also telling with effect on the remaining slopes. But to the more distinctive dairy-business.

His barn stands on a sort of tabular promontory protruding from the main hill, may be seen from the more elevated stations for miles around, and is caught by the eye as one of the most imposing artificial structures in the range of vision. Its basement, with walls of solid mason work, is sixty by eighty feet in linear dimensions, and ten feet high, and has a foundation of everlasting rock. The posts of the frame work above are twenty feet in altitude, and the roof is still higher. The whole work shows strength and durability. Ascending to the front door above the basement, you pass up a bridge, the sides of which are built of quarry stone, while the intervening space is filled with refuse cobble stones, except a space left beneath, sufficiently large for an ice-house—which is an important item in the manufacture of cheese. Arrived at the door, you see a broad alley extending forward and terminating at a large door at the opposite end of the building, where there is another bridge of slight declension, the whole width of the barn, leading to the higher land in the rear. This latter bridge is for the ingress and egress of cows and teams. The alley is for teams to pass through in hauling hay and other feed. On each side of the central alley, extending about sixty feet from the rear end, are two tiers of stanchions for cows, in front of which are rows of troughs for feeding—the cows which stand on either side heading towards each other—with a space between for the reception of hay for fodder. Each cow along the tier occupies three feet—so in all there is room for eighty—the number usually kept on the place.

In the summer, at milking time, the stable doors are thrown open, and in ten minutes all the cows have marched to their places, and are drinking the whey from the troughs; a man fastens them there as fast as he can walk along, by closing up one side of the stanchion which is caught and held by a drop latch. Eight milkers appear—and each cow as soon as milked is set at liberty; and in one hour's time the cows are all again in open air, and the milk is all in a large vat in an apartment at the right of the front entrance on the same floor, where it has been received from a tube, connected with a straining pail stationed on the milking side of the division wall. This room, its size some fifteen by twenty five feet, is the "work-room;" and in it the cheese is made. The great milk vat, for convenience, is run off to the centre of the room on a rail-road track. In one corner of the room is a steam-boiler—which is connected, by a pipe, with a chamber in the milk vat, where the steam is thrown to heat it to any required degree for warming milk or cooking curd: a pipe also passes from the boiler through an aperture in the wall, to a tub for cooking roots and other feed. The hay is drawn in at the centre alley, and thrown over head, where is space for two hundred tons—a sufficient quantity for the winter's use. In passing up a long stairway that reaches to the very apex of the beam at the end of the hay, it looks like a mountain of fodder. But to return to the stables. When the cows are all gone, the floors are immediately cleaned with shovel, broom and water, until every particle of the cow's leavings has disappeared through a trap-door into the basement; which Mr. Pettit says is his California, and the saying is comparatively true; for the liquid-manure, which comprises two-thirds of the value of the whole, and is usually wasted, is saved, by draining into a large cistern, from which it is pumped and carted away when desired. A sewer is in process of construction, for conducting it down a grade for about twenty rods, where it is deposited in a large vat, from which it can be drawn off by a faucet into a wagon-box, when needed. The solid manure may be got away in winter or summer when most convenient. A free use of gypsum, lime, and other deodorisers not only adds to its value, but prevents the escape of ammonia or any nauseous stench into the air or other parts of the building. Separated from this apartment by a wall, is another room, immediately under the work-room and of the same dimensions, for the storage of apples and various roots, for food, which will not bear much frost. Also another room, containing a cistern for the reception of whey, to which it is carried in a pipe from the vat where the cheese is made, and from which it is pumped daily for the cows. In addition to all these conveniences, water is brought from a pure spring just in the rear of the building, to the apartment in the basement under the work-room, where it can be drawn with a faucet for washing roots; from this point, pipes diverge carrying it to almost every part of the building; one leads to the boiler—one to the sink for washing cheese utensils—another to a tub for wetting and mixing feed—another to a vat for watering cows, washing floors, &c., and still another following along the chimney, to the point where it emerges from the roof, to be used in case of fire.

At present I will not attempt to give Mr. Pettit's method of making cheese, but his establishment for the convenience of doing all the work connected with it, is surpassed by none that I know of in this country. All those scare-crows of mud and filth the community supposed necessary concomitants of the dairy business are here utterly dispensed with. Its environs may all be as clean as a palace court. Its external atmosphere betrays to the olfactory nerves no hint of what is contained within. Every department of the labor, from the feeding of the cows to the pressing of the cheese, is carried on within its walls, and every department is perfectly isolated, so far as any contaminating influence may arise from filth or filthy vapors. The whole routine of dairying, if it is not cushioned ease, is certainly nothing more than "house work"—neatness and order reign throughout the whole.

The cheeses, after standing a few days in the work room, while a great share of the humidity is departing, are placed in a cheese-curing house, standing a few paces from the barn, and surrounded by the cooling shade of an orchard, where present an aspect of evenness, neatness and golden lustre that Hamburg or Cheshire cannot outvie.

Respectfully yours, FARMER.

THIRTY-SEVEN OF THE CITIZENS OF OBERLIN, OHIO, INDICTED BY THE U. S. GRAND JURY FOR RESCUING A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—It will be remembered that, on the 13th of September last, a slave named "Little John," was arrested in Oberlin, by United States Deputy Marshal Lowe, of Columbus, by virtue of a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Crittenden, of the Southern District of Ohio—at the instance of Anderson D. Jennings—the deputed agent of the owner, John G. Bacon, both residents of Mason county, Kentucky.

The same day, a mob of the citizens of Oberlin was raised to prevent the execution of the process of the Marshal, and the negro was rescued at Wellington, a few miles from Oberlin. The citizens of the latter place held a glorification meeting, and determined to resist, for the future, any and every attempt to arrest a negro at Oberlin.

The recollection of the affair has mostly died away, but its history is revived by the recent act of the U. S. Grand Jury, at Cleveland, who have brought their labors to a close by finding true bills against thirty-seven of the ring leaders in this affair—including the Rev. Henry Peck, Professor in Oberlin College; the Rev. James M. Fitch, formerly missionary to Jamaica; several theological students; five fugitive slaves, and thirty other citizens of all colors.

The two clergymen, and eleven others, are indicted for aiding and abetting the rescue of the negro, and the remaining twenty-four are indicted for the rescue itself. It is surmised that, whatever course the white men and free negroes indicted may adopt in regard to exposing themselves to trial, the fugitive slaves among the indicted will be apt to disappear from the scene.

THE SONS OF ROBERT BURNS.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from Liverpool, says:—

"Last night, Thursday, Mr. T. gave a dinner party, which I enjoyed so much, as you will believe when I tell you that I went to the dinner-table on the arm of Col. Burns, son of the celebrated poet, Robert Burns, and sat next to and conversed with him all dinner time. Next but one to him sat 'Willie' Burns, the eldest son of the poet—that is, older than his brother, Col. Burns, although the *latter* appears to be very much older; he seems quite infirm, but tells me that he will be sixty-four years old only, next month—his hair is white as snow, and his hand trembles very much. His brother (the elder of the twain) is much stouter, his hair not gray, and his step firm. I can hardly believe yet that he is the older, although Colonel Burns assured me that *himself* was the younger. He spoke of his father, of his mother, of Scotland—had lived in India nearly thirty years, never during that time having had a day's sickness. He talks of and sings his father's songs. He sang the air which Robert Burns wrote to his mother, a very sweet thing, and 'John Anderson, my Joe.'"

NEW YORK CITY ELECTION.—The vote for Comptroller foots up thus—Hawe, People's candidate, 32,791; Purser, Tammany Dem., 18,470; Russell, anti-Tammany Dem., 11,923; Hawe' plurality over Purser 14 315; majority over both Purser and Russell, 2,392. For Governors of the Almshouse the vote was:—Brenninghausen, Repub., 17,760; Townsend, Tammany Dem., 16,736; Lynch, anti-Tammany Dem., 14,831; Wagner, American, 12,423. Brenninghausen and Townsend are elected. To the Board of Aldermen there are elected four Republicans, two Americans, and three Democrats, which, with the members holding over, makes the board Democratic. The board of Councilmen is Opposition by 10 majority.

One important feature in the election, was the contest for School Commissioners; two parties—Bible and anti-Bible—being in the field. The result is that of the forty-four elected, twenty-nine are in favor of having the Bible read in the public schools, and nineteen against it.

SUGAR IN LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans (La.) Delta says: Sugar is twenty thousand hogsheads and molasses twenty thousand barrels ahead of last year. We do not think it extravagant to say that the aggregate value of the receipts of the products of the valley of the Mississippi at this port up to the present period, is double that for the same period last year.

LEGAL DISABILITIES OF MARRIED WOMEN.

The Hon. Joel Jones, Ex-Judge, recently delivered a lecture before the members of Crittenden's Commercial College in this city, on the Disabilities of Married Women. The lecturer first discussed the disabilities attached to married women, under the common law, which laid down the general rule that a married woman is incapable of entering into a contract without her husband's joining, even though the wife lives separate from the husband, and has a separate maintenance. In the same way under the common law, the payment of a sum of money to the wife, does not release the party making it, unless she was authorized by her husband to receive money in his absence. Payment must be made to the husband. This inability on the part of a married woman to make a contract arises from the effect which our laws give to marriage. By marriage, husband and wife are deemed one person in law, and that one person is the husband. In real estate, this principle has been carried so far, that where one-third of an estate has been devised to the wife, one-third to the husband, and one-third to other parties, the husband and wife take but one-half, and the other party takes the remainder. The rule with regard to contracts, is laid down, first, for the husband's safety, and second, for the wife's security. If the wife had the power to bind herself without her husband's authority, she might injure him; and if she had the power with his assent, without the limits assigned by law, he might exert an influence injurious to her.

In general, it may be stated that by the marriage the husband is entitled to an estate for life in his wife's property. Personal property belonging to her is as much his as if transferred to him; if the wife's property consists of notes, bonds, &c., the husband may collect them or transfer them to his name, and if he survives his wife he may collect money without being liable to her relatives. The husband is also liable for debts contracted by the wife before marriage. Recently, in this State, and also in several other States, statutes have been passed altering the common law as touching this subject. Many persons suppose that since the passage of the act of 1848 there is no necessity for a deed of trust in order to give a married woman the entire disposal of her property. This is a mistake, as deeds of this description are still required in most cases. But the matter which concerns us chiefly is the want of power of the wife to enter into a mercantile contract. She is capable of acting as agent for her husband in a great variety of cases, and under such circumstances there are many contracts made by her binding on the husband from the fact of some implied authority granted by him. The case which produces the most difficulty is in that of *implied* authority; as in the case of a married woman who buys goods, but it does not appear what she did with them. In such a case as this the husband is not bound. But if it appears that the goods were sent to his house, it is evidence that he had knowledge of the fact, and the presumption is that he gave her the power to purchase. The wife is the housekeeper, and she is to be considered as authorized to judge of the kind and quantity of articles necessary for her purposes.

There is another class in which the law presumes that the wife acts with the consent of the husband, and that her acts are his. It frequently happens that a married woman assists with the prosecution of business, and draws bills, &c., with her husband's knowledge; and in such cases she is presumed to act with his authority, and he is bound by her acts. It has been decided that if the husband and wife live together, and the wife engages in business by herself, he is presumed to know that fact, and is therefore bound by her acts; and if he does not make known his dissent, he is civilly responsible for the frauds and other wrongs which she may do in her business.

The principle of all these cases is the same, the presumed authority of the husband given the wife. It is the husband acting by the agency of the wife, and this does not clash with the general rule.

There is still another class of cases requiring notice. It sometimes happens that husband and wife do not live together. The wife may leave her husband without any good cause, or the husband may treat his wife in such a manner as to justify her leaving. Such cases imply the misconduct of both parties, and it is impossible to presume authority given the wife to bind her husband by her contracts. In some cases the wife may bind her husband to a certain extent. In general, the husband is liable *for necessaries* supplied to his wife, if he does not furnish them himself. If he turns her out of doors, he is just as much bound for her necessaries as if they lived together. The liability, however, extends only to the things necessary according to their condition in life.—Cruelty or indecency on the part of the husband will justify the wife in separating herself without losing her right to bind him for things necessary; and he cannot shift the responsibility by forbidding parties to furnish her. The wife may separate herself without any good cause; and in that case the general rule is that the husband is not bound by law to support her. When the parties live together, the husband may prohibit persons from furnishing even necessaries to his wife, in cases where he considers her extravagant.

The lecturer then proceeded to cite the statutory exceptions to the above general rules. The first act passed on this subject, was that of Feb. 22d, 1617, "concerning *femme sole* traders," which was intended to apply to the case where a husband had left his wife and gone to sea, and consequently could not be reached for his wife's debts. The act gave a married woman, under these circumstances, the right to act as a single woman. In 1855, an act was passed extending this act to cases where the husband refuses to provide for his wife. This act gives the wife the disposal of her property during life and by will; and in order that creditors may transact business with safety, she is authorized to apply by petition to the Court of Common Pleas for a certificate allowing her to transact business. The act of 11th of April, 1848, allows a married woman to hold property acquired before her marriage. All property acquired after marriage is also to be enjoyed by the wife, and is not liable for her husband's debts. As a counterpoise, the act provides that the husband shall not be liable for debts contracted by the wife before marriage. By this act the wife is not released from liability for debts contracted by herself, or in her name, by persons authorized to do so, or from levy and execution, or any judgment that may be recovered against the husband for the *torts* of the wife, and in such cases execution shall be first had against the property of the wife.

Where debts are contracted for necessaries for the maintenance and support of the family, the creditor may first proceed against the husband, but if he has no property, a second execution may issue against the wife, on her separate estate, provided that it be proved that the debt sued for was contracted by the wife or incurred for articles necessary for the support of the family of her husband.

By a subsequent act a wife is allowed to loan money to her husband and take from him a judgment or mortgage on his estate in the name of a third party, who shall act as trustee.

All these provisions alter the common law with reference to the rights of property, but they do not give her unqualified authority to enter into contracts; and merchants or tradesmen, dealing with a married woman, should regard her as still subject to the disabilities as imposed by the common law, except in cases where the power is given her by the express act of the Legislature. In cases of necessaries, as a matter of prudence, it is desirable for persons selling to a married woman, to require the authority of her husband in writing, and then deliver the articles at the residence of her husband.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The City of Washington brings Liverpool advices to the 24th.

It was reported in the diplomatic circle of London, and by the press, that Lord Napier, the British Minister at Washington, is about to be recalled.

His successor was also said to be Mr. Lyons, from Florence.

There were still no tidings of the steamer Indian Empire, which left New York for Galway on October 30th. An insurance was being effected on her at twenty-five guineas per cent.

The steamer Ariel was unable to reach Bremen, owing to the ice, and she returned to Southampton.

The London Post (anti-Ministerial) announces the recall of Lord Napier, and the promotion of Lyons. It says the assigned cause of the action on the part of the Government, is Napier's tendency to favor the Monroe doctrine.

The Globe (also anti Ministerial) confirms the report, but says that Lord Napier has been transferred to some European mission, in the regular course of promotion, the government being perfectly satisfied with his course.

The ship Agincourt, for whose safety fears were entertained, in consequence of her being long over due, has arrived from Melbourne with seventy thousand ounces of gold dust.

The Independence Belge says that the English cabinet has notified the government of Holland of its refusal to assume the protectorate of Sarawak.

The trial of Montalembert commenced at Paris on the 24th. As the press have been specially forbidden to take notes, the first intimation of the proceedings can only be had at the close of the trial.

The Paris Press had been forbidden to discuss religious subjects.

Sardinia follows the example of France, in storing her granaries with corn.

It was expected diplomatic relations between Prussia and Switzerland would be resumed.

American agents are said to be endeavoring to persuade the government of Denmark to sell the St. Thomas and St. John's Islands to the United States.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 23.—Cotton closed dull.—Breadstuffs dull, with the exception of Wheat, which has slightly advanced. Provisions dull. Sugar buoyant. Rice firm. Tea and Coffee quiet. Turpentine steady. Tallow firm.

THREE DAYS LATER.

LORD NAPIER TO GO TO BERLIN—MONTALEMBERT CONVICTED—NO INTELLIGENCE OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE—EARTHQUAKE IN PORTUGAL, &c.

The steamship Persia arrived at New York on the 12th, with Liverpool dates to Saturday, the 27th ult.

Nothing had been heard of the missing steamship Indian Empire. The rate of insurance had advanced to 40 per cent.

The Persia had 170 passengers on board. She encountered heavy westerly gales, a high sea, and considerable snow and hail during the entire passage. She passed the America, for Liverpool, on the 28th ult.

Nothing had been heard of the steamer Fulton at Southampton on Saturday, the 27th. She sailed from New York Nov. 13th.

A despatch from Paris says:—"It is reported that an Anglo-French fleet will leave on the 19th of December for the Gulf of Mexico. The French fleet will have on board a battery of artillery, in order to oppose any enterprise of the filibusters against Central America."

Lord Napier's recall has not been officially announced, but the Daily News understands that he is to be appointed to the Berlin mission. His successor, Mr. Lyon, will succeed to the title of Lord Lyon, on the decease of his father.

Five miles of the shore end of the Atlantic cable have been successfully laid, and spliced to the deep sea portion.

The Galway steamship line has contracted for three new steamers, of the first class and of great speed, to be ready next summer.

The trial of M. Montalembert occupied only half a day. MM. Berryer and Dufanse made brilliant and spirited speeches in his defence. The London papers publish the heads of the arguments, but the French press is silent with the exception of announcing the result of the trial, which was a conviction. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs. The editor of the correspondent was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and one thousand francs fine. The result caused a slight depression of the funds in Paris and London.

The death of Admiral Lyons is announced.

Senor Ros D'Alano Po has been appointed Captain General of Cuba.

Concha is to remain at Havana till the Mexican dispute is settled.

The Prussian elections have resulted largely in favor of the new ministry.

The Bank of Frankfort has reduced the rate of discount to four per cent.

M. Bowlay de la Maurthe, formerly Vice-President of the French Republic, is dead.

The Cunard Mail Steamship Company intended to send the steamer Kamock to New York direct, on the 4th of December, to carry the mails between New York and Nassau, N. P.

It was considered certain that the steamer Great Eastern would make her first trip to Portland, Maine, about the middle of next summer.

The British Board of Trade returns show a decrease in the exports during the month of October, as compared with the exports of October, 1857, of £1,717,000.

It was stated that one of the young princes of the royal family of England would visit Canada.

THE CABLE.—It was regretted by the friends of the enterprise that the remaining seven miles of cable at Greenwich were not brought to Valentia, it being evident the result would have been satisfactory, as, after passing the spot where the shore end of the cable terminates, some of the men, in their anxiety to continue underrunning the small cable, discovered a kink which left the conducting wire exposed to the water. The defective part was cut out. It is probable other defects would have been discovered had they proceeded. The shore end has not been tested since it was laid down.

It was said that Austria had protested strongly against the vehement policy of the Sardinian cabinet. Rumors of war between Austria and Sardinia are quite rife.

There was a severe earthquake shock in Portugal on the 11th ult. Every house in Lisbon was shaken. Many chimneys were knocked down, walls cracked and thrown down, in Lisbon, but it appears that no building was destroyed, and that one death alone was caused by the falling of a wall half built at the Polytechnic School. At Villafranca another death took place, and a good deal of injury was done to the houses at Cintra and Mafra; but of all the accounts hitherto received, those from St. Uben, about eight leagues from Lisbon, on the south of the Tagus, are the most distressing. A great number of houses were thrown down, and some of the inhabitants buried in the ruins, but no authentic accounts have yet been received of the number of deaths. This earthquake was preceded by two days of almost incessant rain, and at the time it took place the wind was rather fresh from E. S. E., the height of the barometer at 95 metres above the level of the sea was 747.31, and the temperature in the open air 16 degrees and 4 centessimals, with a heavy and rainy atmosphere. During the day the wind changed to to the S. W., whence a sharp gale was experienced.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liverpool Cotton Market, Nov. 27.—The Cotton market closed quiet. During the week the middling qualities have suffered a decline of 1-16d, and the inferior qualities of ¼d. The sales of the week amount to 40,000 bales, including 500 bales to speculators, and 2500 bales for export. Market closes flat. The ruling quotations at the close of the market were as follows:—New Orleans fair 7¾; do middling 7; Mobile do 7¼; do do 6¾; Uplands do 7¼; do do 6¾. The stock in port is estimated at 297,000 bales, including 216,000 bales of American.

State of Trade.—The Manchester advices continue to possess a favorable tendency. The market for Yarns is quiet, but steady.

Liverpool Provision Market.—The circulars report that Provisions generally had a declining tendency, with the exception of Lard, which was held firm at 54s. The market for Lard was quiet, however. Beef was heavy. Pork dull. Bacon dull and nominally quoted.

Liverpool Produce Market.—The circulars of the Liverpool produce market report Sugar firm, with a slight advance on all qualities. Coffee steady. Rice firm at 3@6d advance. Rosin steady at 4s 2d @4s 3d. Spirits of Turpentine were quoted at 40s.

London Markets.—Messrs. Baring & Bros quote the London Breadstuffs market generally as steady. Sugar was firm at 6d advance. Coffee was also firm. Rice had advanced 3d and was firm. Spirits of Turpentine were dull at 39s 6d.

London Money Market, Nov. 27.—Messrs. Baring & Bros report the London money market as slightly easier. Consols closed at 98¼. American securities were unchanged. Illinois Central R R shares were quoted at 28@26 ₱ cent. discount.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co's circular of Friday evening reports the Breadstuffs market generally dull. Flour closed very dull; the prices are somewhat easier, but no change is made in the quotations. Meat closed dull, but steady. Corn closed with a declining tendency. The quotations are nominal; the selling prices on Friday ranged at 30s@31s 6d. Western Flour is quoted at 19@20s; Philadelphia and Baltimore 20@21s; Ohio 21@24s; Wheat, red Western, 6s 5d@6s 3d; white 6s@6s 3d; Southern 6 5d@7s; Corn, mixed, 28s; yellow, 29s; white, 30s@31 6d.

FROM CALIFORNIA—$1,200,000 IN GOLD.—The Moses Taylor arrived at New York on the 12th, with the mails and treasure that left San Francisco on the 20th ult.

The prominent points of the California intelligence have been received by the prior arrival of the Quaker City at New Orleans.

She brings 350 passengers, and nearly $1,200,000 in treasure.

The overland mail of October 25th arrived at San Francisco on November 19th. It had no passengers, and the news from the Atlantic States had been anticipated by the mail via the Tehuantepec route. European news of the 16th of October had been received at San Francisco by the Tehuantepec mail on the 14th of November.

Ninety thousand dollars of California State warrants have been issued which are not found recorded on the books.

Considerable mining, with fair results, was going on, not only in the bed of Frazer river, but at some points on the banks.

The San Francisco markets have been unsettled, but signs of improvement began to appear at the close of the fortnight. Money was unchanged and abundant. The receipts of gold are just about as usual at the season. The accounts from the mines are encouraging. An unusual number of diggers are employed at higher wages.

One hundred and forty of the passengers that went out in the steamer Washington had up to the 4th inst. succeeded in getting passage on board the steamer Sonora at Panama, bound to San Francisco.

THE BRITISH INTERFERENCE IN NICARAGUA—PROTEST OF CAPTAIN MCINTOSH.—WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—The President is much excited at the conduct of the British officers in Nicaragua, and a strong naval force will soon be ordered to that quarter and the Gulf.

The President has been engaged to-day with the Secretary of the Navy, arranging the squadron intended for the Gulf, and making out the programme which the commanders are to follow in the delicate and important duty which will be assigned them.

The advices state that Capt. McIntosh, Commander of the Home Squadron, remonstrated against the conduct of the British officers of the Valorous and Leopard, and informed them that further visits of the kind would not be tolerated.

There is much excitement here in reference to the departure of the brig Susan from Mobile, and orders have been issued by Government for our vessels-of-war to capture her wherever found. Any interference with her by the allied fleets of France and England, however, will be looked upon by the Government as unwarranted, and likely to lead to unpleasant consequences.

Unofficial information, believed to be reliable, has been received, that Major Emory and eight men of the First Cavalry, had been murdered by Indians, while on their way to Fort Arbuckle from Cottonwood Springs.

MORE DIFFICULTIES WITH SPAIN.—*Washington, Dec. 11.*—Information has been received by our government that the newly appointed Governor of Fernando Po and dependencies, off the coast of Africa, went there in a man-of-war, and declared the religion of Spain the only religion of the island, and threatened the immediate expulsion of our missionaries. The subject has been brought to the attention of the State Department, and the necessary steps taken in the matter. The Spanish Minister here disclaims all knowledge of the matter, and is understood to have addressed his government upon the subject. It is thought serious difficulties may arise from it, as the island does not belong to Spain.

A PARISIAN PANIC.—Vague prophecies of evil, repeated by the higher clergy, have inspired a singular degree of terror among the multitude in Paris. The destruction of the city is expected. The Boston Post says:

"Already have the populace of the streets got hold of the fearful prognostication; and each one gives his own version of the manner in which this destruction is to be accomplished—the most favorite method of arrangement being the filling of the catacombs, which run beneath the whole of the city, with gunpowder, which work, says the gossips, has been going on for some time—ever since the catacombs have been closed; and, on the slightest symptoms of a general rising, the train—which can be fired from the Emperor's study, either at the Tuileries or St. Cloud—will be set light to, and, in less than one minute, the whole of Paris will be blown into the air, or rather sink into the ghastly receptacles which run beneath! The idea is a perfect specimen of the ingenuity with which the common people of Paris can turn and invent the hints and suspicions of others into full-formed, full-fed fancies of their own."

A MARRIED WOMAN ELOPES WITH ANOTHER MAN—HER HUSBAND ELOPES WITH THE COOK.—A young German, on the West side, a few weeks ago, eloped with his employer's wife, and went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where they were married. The interesting pair took all the available articles in the house with them, such as spoons, linen, etc. The bereaved husband took matters coolly, went about his business, and made no outward show of grief. Last week his wife, having become sick of her new husband, left him and returned to her old one, fetching with her the spoons, linen, etc. Old husband quietly welcomed her back to his bosom, and the woman congratulated herself on the pleasant upshot of her foolishness. But "phancy her phelinks" when awakening on Sunday morning she ascertained that her husband had eloped the night before with the hired girl, the pair taking with them the spoons, linen, etc., as t'other pair had done before them.—*Plaindealer.*

☞ The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication-*table*. It was constructed more than two thousand years ago, and is yet as good as new.

NEWS ITEMS.

MEMPHIS, Dec. 8.—The steamer E. Ward, from New Orleans for Nashville, was sunk on Saturday, near Gaines's landing. She had on board a cargo of sugar and coffee, and the total loss is estimated at $100,000. No lives were lost.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, says there is no truth in the rumored murder of Grosvenor, Cavendish and Mr. Ashley, by the Sioux Indians. All the papers of Montreal contradict the statement published to that effect.

THE marriage at Ripon, Wis., between a negro and a white girl, turns out not to have been so much of a *mixed* affair as was supposed. The clergyman was arrested on complaint of the girl's father, and on investigation it appears the groom is not a full blood negro; the bride is a quarter-blood black, with a sprinkling of French, and the account says that if she is a white girl she must have been *painted* dark.

SAVE YOUR RAGS.—There are in the United States nearly eight hundred paper mills, which produce two hundred millions of dollars worth of paper. To produce this large amount of paper, about sixteen millions dollars worth of rags are required, and this large quantity must be saved from the scraps of the domestic circle. Is it not apparent to all that economy should be practised by families in this particular, even if they do not desire to profit by the saving themselves?

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, just issued, show the following figures: Number of conferences, 49; Sunday Schools, 11,490; church members, 956,555, being an increase during the year of 136,000; churches, 2,063; parsonages, 2,407; value of church edifices, $17,560,000; number of travelling preachers, 6,503; local preachers, 7,530. The Southern Church has a membership of 655,000; 2,434 travelling, and 4 907 local preachers. Total Methodist membership, North and South, 1,662,332.

THE HOG TRADE IN LOUISVILLE, KY.—The number of hogs killed in Louisville, Ky., from the commencement of the season to the 24 inst., was 165,000; the number in the pens, at that time, was 29,000, and the sales made that day were at $6.50.

A CHARACTERISTIC MEXICAN RATTLE.—Southern papers announce that Tobasco had fallen into the hands of the Liberals, after fighting seventeen days, with seven men killed on both sides.

GOLD IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A new and valuable gold mine is said to have been recently discovered in Montgomery county, North Carolina, from which the owner, at an expense of $300, secured $30,000 worth of gold in three months.

ECLIPSES IN 1859.—There will be four eclipses of the sun in 1859, viz: a partial eclipse on the 2d of February, invisible here. A partial one on the 4th of March, invisible here. Another on the 29th of July, partial, and very small; it will end at 41 minutes past six, evening. Another one August 27th, visible only in the Great Southern Ocean. There will be two eclipses of the moon; the first one on the 17th of February, will be total. It will commence at 13 minutes past four o'clock in the morning—middle six o'clock—and quarter before eight. The other one, August 13th, will not be visible.

A CHILD in Woodstock, Maine, recently dislocated its neck at the second vertebra, by falling down stairs, so that the head was turned half around, and there remained fixed. Chloroform was employed to relax the muscles, the head was replaced, and the child has recovered.

It is said to be the intention of the opponents of the English Kansas bill, to introduce at an early day a bill for the repeal of so much of the former measure as applies to the future of Kansas and other territories of the Union.

THE SLAVER ECHO—CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION DECIDED—PRISONERS REMANDED FOR TRIAL.—*Columbia, S. C., Dec. 9.*—The Judges of the United States District Court have pronounced the law of 1820, for the suppression of the slave trade to be constitutional. The prisoners taken on board the slaver Echo have been remanded to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury at the next term of the Court, on the charge of piracy.

REMOVAL OF JUDGE DOUGLAS FROM THE COMMITTEE ON TERRITORIES IN THE SENATE.—*Washington, Dec. 9.*—By a vote of seventeen to seven, in Democratic Senatorial Caucus, Judge Douglas was removed from the position of Chairmanship of the Committee on Territories. The seven were, Shields, Stuart, Clingman, Brown, Toombs, Green, and Johnston. Senator Green, of Mo., is to be Chairman.

THE English Crystal Palace Company invite a prize poem to be ready for the Burns celebration—25th January next—to be not less than one hundred, nor more than two hundred lines long, and contributed on or before the 15th of January. The poems are to be addressed to the Secretary of the Company, at Sydenham, and the successful one will be awarded $250.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The Republican members of the Senate assembled in caucus this morning, to fill with their members the blanks left in the list of standing committees, as agreed upon by the Democratic Senators, and handed them for that purpose.

COLD WEATHER IN VERMONT.—*Island Point, Vt., Dec. 10.*—At sunrise this morning, the thermometer stood 12 degrees below zero.

THE orange crop of Louisiana this season is very large, and the crop is selling from plantations at from six to eight dollars per thousand. Last year a planter below the city was offered $1,500 for a small tract of land, adjoining his, and which was planted with orange trees of full growth. He refused, and this season the owner of the tract in question has sold his orange crop for $3,000.—*N. O. Picayune, 4th.*

POISONOUS HAIR DYES.—At a late meeting of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine, to show that lead, used externally, was sometimes absorbed into the system, Dr. W. H. Mussey mentioned the case of a man who, for eight years, had used Mrs. Allen's, Twiggs', and Cristadoro's hair dyes, (the basis of which, he said, was sugar of lead and nitrate of silver,) and had therefore got the "blue line" on the gums, and the "blue face," which result from lead and nitrate of silver.

THE "DIVORCE STATE."—The Mississippi Legislature has passed a law granting divorces to all parties who have lived separate for three years. A "tide of emigration" may be expected to set toward Mississippi. Indiana is about going out of the business.

A JAPAN letter says:—The females of Nagasaki are of the ordinary height, and some of them are very handsome, and would create quite a stir in New York if they should happen that way. The married ladies are known from the single by painting their lips either green or a bright red, and their teeth a jet black. They are frequently married as young as ten.

A ROARER.—A correspondent of the Memphis Christian Advocate has heard a prodigy of eloquence. Of Rev. F. E. Pitts, D. D., he says: "I have repeatedly heard the most famed men of America, but there are times when the flame of his pathos licks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men."

And one of the speakers at a late anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Philadelphia exclaims:

"When I think of this organization, with its complex powers, it reminds me of some stupendous mechanism which shall spin electric bands of stupendous thought and feeling, illuminating the vista of eternity with corruscations of brilliancy, and blending the mystic brow of eternal ages with a tiara of never dying beauty, whilst for those who have trampled upon the blood of Christ it shall spin from its terrible form toils of *eternal* funeral bands, darker and darker, till sunk to the lowest abyss of destiny."—*Zion's Herald.*

HOME COMFORTS.

A TALE FOR TRUANT HUSBANDS.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband rose from the tea-table, and took his hat.

"Oh—I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where?" asked his wife.

"What odds does it make, Emma?" returned her husband. "I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort—but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said, in a kind but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma—and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George. I know nothing about you when you are away."

"Pooh! pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy.—When you are at your place of business I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. Oh—if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Aha—I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me *here* every evening."

"Well—can you wonder at it," returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George, with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of our plans was to make a home."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have certainly a place in which to live," answered the wife, somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George. "And," he added, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Well, I admit that, so far as I am concerned," replied Emma. "But you must remember that we both need relaxation from labor: we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment! and what time have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home of an evening, as well as in the daytime and in the night?"

"Well, isn't it?" asked George.

"How can it be, if you are not here? What makes a home for children, if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And what real home comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You do not consider how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home life might be passed. Come, will you not spend a few of your evenings with me?"

"You see enough of me as it is," said the husband, lightly.

"Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business as it is yours," returned the young man. "You are used to staying here. All wives belong to home."

"Just remember, my husband, that, previous to our marriage I had pleasant society all the time. Of course, I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters there—and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave all up for you. I left the old home, and sought a home with my husband.—And now, have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why, I should like it well enough."

"Ah—but you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes, I would," said George, at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend my time among my female friends?"

"Certainly, I will," he replied; "and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought it no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink and sleep as long as he could pay for it. In short, he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and "keep house."

"What will you do while I am gone?" Emma asked.

"Oh—I shall read and sing, and enjoy myself generally.

"Very well," said Emma. "I shall be back early."

The wife went out, and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and look frequently at the clock. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he rose from his chair, and began to pace the floor, and whistle. Then he went and got his flute, and played several of his favorite airs. After this he got a chess-board, and played a game with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor, and whistled again. Finally, the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George," said she, "I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Capitally, returned the husband, "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself."

"Oh, splendidly!" said his wife. "I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all—isn't it?"

"Why—no—I can't say that it is," returned George, carelessly. "In fact," he added, "I rather like it."

"I'm glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice comfortable week of it."

George winced at this, but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go away again.

"I shall be back in good time," she said.

"Where are you going?" her husband asked.

"Oh, I can't tell, exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it a difficult task. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair, and the thought would come, "How pleasant it would be if *she* were here!" The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late!" But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma came home.

"A little late, am I not?" she said, looking up at the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First rate," returned George, bravely. "I think home is a capital place."

"Especially when a man can have it all to himself," added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband. But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband, ere she went, and seemed to hesitate.

"Where do you think of going?" George asked, in an undertone.

"I may drop in to see Uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy.—You'll know I'm safe."

"Oh, certainly," said her husband: but when left to his own reflections, he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read—he could not play—nor enjoy himself in any way while that chair was empty. In short, he found that Home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make his home cheerful was not present.

"I declare," he said, to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do when she is here all alone? It must be so," he pursued, thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Before we were married she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself.

"I can't stand this," he said. "I should die in a week. If Emma were only here, I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is! And only eight o'clock! I declare—I've a mind to walk down as far as Uncle John's, and see if she is there! It would be a relief if I only saw her. I won't go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said, in surprise, "is this you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And you do not pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word, and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her chair, and looked at the clock.

"You are come home early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and, with an expression half smiling and half tearful, she answered, "I will confess the truth, George; I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening, but I could not bear it through to night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this."

"Say you so!" cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. "Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening, I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down by Uncle John's and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached." He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm, "I have learned a very good lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and if you love me as I love you—which of course I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it."

Emma was too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it nevertheless; and in a manner, too, not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realise how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort, the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth, that it takes two to make a happy home, and that if the wife is one party, the husband must be the other.

S. C.

INDIAN CORN.

Seville's soft, luxurious clime,
Yields the orange and the lime;
And the cool refreshing shade
By the clustering branches made,
Seems to hold the perfumed air
As a willing captive there.

Ceylon, isle of spice and balm,
Boasts her groves of stately palm;
Where the lingering sunbeams rest,
As they loved that land the best:
Where the birds amid the bowers
Are like gorgeous, winged flowers.

In thy vales, fair, sunny France,
Peasants love thy vintage dance,
Where the vines their clusters yield,
Songs are heard in every field;
All the land in festal dress,
Overflows with happiness.

But of all the precious stores
Nature's bounteous hand outpours
O'er rich hill and vale and plain,
Flower, fruit, and waving grain,
Dearest to the Northern born
Stands the graceful Indian Corn.

When it springs, the verdant leaf
Bursts the seed's enclosing sheath,
Or, in summer's glowing light,
The feathery tassel greets his sight.
Grace and beauty still adorn
Every change of Indian Corn.

When the autumn's gorgeous dyes
Reflect the hues of sunset skies,
O'er the glowing harvest plain,
There the ears of clustered grain,
In the yellow sheath enrolled,
Seem like topaz set in gold.

THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

The origin of this figure, which for many years made such a noise in the world, is somewhat curious. Wolfgang de Kempelin, a gentleman of Hungary, Aulic Councillor, to the Royal Chamber of the domains of the Emperor of Germany, being called to Vienna in the year 1769, by the duties of his station, was present at some experiments in magnetism of one Pelletier, a Frenchman, who had been commanded to exhibit before the Empress Maria Theresa. During the conversation with her Majesty, De Kempelin, who had honorably distinguished himself in the paths of science, hinted that he could construct a piece of mechanism, the effects of which would be more striking, and the deception more complete, than anything which his royal mistress had hitherto witnessed. His manner in making this remark excited the attention of the Empress, who encouraged him to make the effort; and, accordingly, within a few months he reappeared at the court of Vienna, with the Automaton Chess Player. The following is a description of the appearance of this figure, and of the manner in which the games were conducted.

On entering the apartment where it was exhibited, the Automaton, attired in gorgeous Oriental costume, was seen seated behind a chess-board, which stood upon a chest about three feet high, two feet wide, and four feet long. The Automaton, the chair upon which it sat, and the chest were fixed together; and, being upon castors, could be moved with facility to any part of the chamber. The exhibition began by opening certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front and two in the back, pulling out at the same time a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest, containing a set of chess-men, a cushion and some counters. Two lesser doors under a green cloth screen, in the body of the figure and its lower parts, were also opened, and the Turkish drapery which covered them, was raised, so that the construction both of the Automaton and the chest appeared to be fully displayed. In this state the whole apparatus was moved around for the examination of the spectators; and to banish all suspicion from the most skeptical mind that any living object was concealed within, a lighted taper was introduced into the body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of each was rendered in a great measure transparent, and the most secret corner apparently made visible. The same precaution to remove suspicion was used at the termination as at the commencement of a game of chess with the Automaton.

The chest upon which the figure appeared to lean while playing was divided into two unequal compartments, which were filled with wheels, springs, cylinders, and other machinery used in clockwork. The interior of the body and lower parts of the body were also occupied by levers, tubes, &c. After a sufficient time, during which the spectator might satisfy his curiosity, the exhibitor reclosed the doors, wound up the machine, placed a cushion under the arm of the figure, and invited any individual present to a game of chess. As soon as a champion entered the lists, the eyes of the Automaton appeared to be directed to the board, and after some moments of seeming meditation it slowly raised its arm, moved towards the piece to be played, suspended its hand over it for an instant, then grasped it firmly. If a piece was captured, the same process was gone through, and at every move a noise as of wheels and clockwork was heard. The Automaton always claimed the privilege of playing first at the beginning of a game. Any attempt to disconcert it by a false move was futile. Upon the least infringement of the customary rules of chess, he would tap upon the chest, replace the offending piece, and then proceed to take the due advantage of moving a piece of his own. An anecdote is recorded of Napoleon, who attempted to make false moves in a game with the Automaton, for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity; but upon a third repetition of the offence, the figure swept the pieces all off the board and refused to continue the game. Whenever the Automaton gave check, a sound resembling the word "check" was heard; and it courteously announced an attack upon its adversary's queen by bowing twice.

Such was the appearance and manner of the chess Automaton as exhibited in Vienna immediately after its invention, and in London on the occasion of its second visit in 1819. For years the mystery of this remarkable machine remained impenetrable. During this period it visited the capitals of England, Germany and France; it was everywhere received with curiosity, drew crowds of visitors, and excited the liveliest feeling of surprise and admiration.—On returning to Berlin, it was permitted the honor of playing a game with the great Frederick himself. De Kempelin died in 1804, and the Automaton came into the possession of M. Maelzel, who exhibited it for many years with equal success. As it vanquished nearly every adversary, M. Maelzel resolved in future to give all opponents the odds of the pawn and the move; and a large number of the games played by the Automaton were recorded and have been published. So far as we are able to ascertain, the first one who succeeded in penetrating this mystery was a Mr. Willis, a gentleman connected with the University of Cambridge, England, who published a small work on the subject, entitled "An Attempt to Analyse the Automaton Chess-Player." He shows in what manner a human being might be concealed within the machine, although it was apparently thrown completely open to public inspection; and his work is accompanied with drawings to demonstrate the presence of a hidden player. Mons. Mouret, one of the most eminent chess-players of Europe, was for many years the secret colleague of M. Maelzel in the direction of the Automaton; and he subsequently revealed the *modus operandi*, corroborating the correctness of Mr. Willis's conjectures. The chess player was hidden, as Mr. Willis supposed, within the chest. Seated upon a low stool which moved on castors, he was enabled with facility to change his position as circumstances might require. During the exhibition of one portion of the machinery, he took refuge in another—sometimes in the body of the Automaton, and at others in a portion of the chest. These changes were of course in obedience to a preconcerted arrangement, and compelled that undeviating regularity in the opening and shutting of the different doors which Mr. Willis had remarked.

Perhaps the most interesting and ingenious part of the contrivance was the method by which the hidden operator was made acquainted with the moves of his opponents, and enabled to repeat them on a smaller chess board of his own. He was seated in his narrow cell, immediately under the chess-board upon which the Automaton and his antagonist made their moves; and the reverse of this board, which formed the ceiling, over his head, was an exact representation of the upper side, except that on the side presented to the concealed player, every square was numbered according to the usual notation adopted by chess players, and was furnished with a small metallic ball. These sixty-four little knobs or balls were suspended a short distance from the squares by silken threads; and as each of the chess-men on the table above contained a magnet, the moment any one of them was placed upon the chess-board, it attracted the little ball suspended from the corresponding square below, and fixed it to the board, so that by the time the men were arranged in due order for battle, thirty-two of these metallic indices (being the number of pieces) would be closely attached to as many squares on the inside of the board; while the remaining thirty-two, denoting the vacant squares above, remained suspended to the extent of the thread supporting them. We may now suppose the game to commence, and the Automaton to open it. Duly turning the handle which directs the arm of the figure, and setting in motion the springs by which its fingers act, the operator sits watching the board upon the ceiling of his cell, and, upon the piece intended to be played being taken up, he observes the little corresponding index fall as before described; and when this piece is played to its destined square, he also sees the ball below it attracted to the board. Having completed his own move, and carefully repeated it on the private board before him, he anxiously awaits the play of his adversary. This is communicated to him by the same means. He sees one ball descend and another rise, marks down on the board the move thus indicated, and the game in this manner is carried on to its conclusion. But little more remains to be explained. During the progress of the game, the hidden player was furnished with a lighted taper, to assist him in his labors, and supplied with fresh air by means of apertures not visible to the spectators. The mass of clock work, levers, wheels, and cylinders, which seemed almost to fill his narrow abode, were all sham, being made of paste-board, and so contrived as to collapse and expand as his changes of position might demand. Such are the leading facts connected with this ingenious machine, which was exhibited not only throughout Europe, but in the United States and Canada, and is reported to have also gone to South America. It has been stated that the machine was, not many years since, lying neglected in an old lumber-room in the city of New York; and it is believed to be now in the possession of a gentleman living in Philadelphia. Its day has gone by, and it is now only interesting as a relic of the past.

USE OF PORK AS FOOD.

The Scientific American having endorsed the opinion that "A fat hog is the very quintessence of scrofula and carbonic acid gas, and that fat pork was never designed for human food, making no red meat or muscle," etc., Dr. Holston, of Zanesville, who is one of the most intelligent physicians of Ohio, wrote to the Courier:

A fat hog is truly the quintessence of scrofula, for scrofula in Greek is *hog*, and the derivative scrofulous means *hoggish*. The disease scrofula was so called when medical science was in its infancy, from its *supposed* resemblance to some diseases of the hog, and then the inference was easy, that eating the hog (scrofa) produced the hog-disease (scrofula.) It is well known, however, that our American Indians and the Hindoos, who never use pork, are liable to this disease; and that in Europe it prevails *chiefly* among the ill-fed poor, who hardly taste meat of any kind.

On the other hand the Chinaman and our own pioneers, who hardly eat any other flesh, are remarkably healthy and exempt from scrofula—a disease we have much more reason to suspect as originating long ago from the hereditary taint of an unmentionable disease favored by irregular living and poor diet.

In the South, from their sleek appearance and *exemption* from scrofula, you can at once distinguish the bacon-fed negro.

These examples may suffice on that head.

Fat pork is not in any sense carbonic *acid*, but hydro-carbon, a combination of hydrogen and carbon. It becomes carbonic acid and water by combining with oxygen in the act of being burned or digested, which is much the same thing—giving off during those processes large amounts of heat and light.

It is true the *fat* of fat pork does not make blood or red flesh, though the lean which is always eaten also, *does*. It is as your article says truly, material for breath. Well, that is a good deal. It is supposed that if the writer's breath had stopped five minutes before he took his pen, we should never have seen his article on fat pork.

But it does more. All the fat that goes into the stomach, and thence into the blood, does not undergo slow burning in the lungs by the process of burning, but is deposited in the body as *human* fat. Now a certain amount of fat is so necessary for the proper play of all the parts, muscles included, that without it, the body, like an ungreased engine, wears itself out by its own friction. In consumption, the waste of fat is one alarming and most dangerous symptom, and the far famed cod-liver oil acts perhaps chiefly by supplying the blood with fat.

I am satisfied by experience that fat pork—when the stomach will receive it—does just as well. Moreover, few of those delicate persons that have so great an aversion to pork or other fat, ever live to see forty years. They die young of consumption. Butter, sugar, starch, vegetable oils, act to some extent as animal fat, and in tropical climates are used as substitutes.

But go to the Arctic regions and see the refined Dr. Kane and his men devour raw walrus blubber with a gusto, as we would take a dish of ice cream, and you will conclude that "fat pork," particularly in our Arctic winters, is not so bad an institution.

We could not live on fat pork *alone*—nor on sugar and starch—though we could on bread. Bread, the *staff of life*, contains the materials both for breathing and making blood and red flesh (muscle) in a supereminent degree, greater even than lean beef or any other single article of food; and this, or some substitute, such as beans, peas, potatoes, etc., is always eaten with fat pork, so that there is a sufficient supply of blood and flesh-making material. However, excess is bad, and the fat pork must not constitute the bulk of a meal.

Chemical analysis is a poor substitute for the observation of facts in the living body, nor can we even base very much on experiments made on Mr. Martin, the man with the hole in his stomach, by which food can be introduced and digestion observed, for that is not nature's way of getting it there, and a stomach with such an unnatural opening is much like a leaky dinner pot with a hole in the bottom stuffed with a rag. Extended experience alone can settle such a question.

The Greeks and Romans esteemed pork as a luxury, and a most wholesome diet; their athletes and gladiators (prize fighters) were fed on pork. Our own Saxon (Teutonic Scandinavian) ancestors esteemed it so highly that they, even in their heaven, provided a great hog with golden bristles, called Gullibornth, of whose bacon the heroes of Walhalla dined every day, when at night the picked bones again united and became covered with a fresh supply of fat pork. In this estimate of the hog, the mass of mankind, not of the Shemitic race, (Jews, Turks, Arabs, etc.,) who follow Moses' law, that had a spiritual and representative meaning, have in all ages agreed, and will agree, as long as man has canine teeth, and lives by *drawing his breath*. Whenever the Scientific American or Prof. Liebig will discover a new process of living without breathing, we may be guided by their opinion; till then, I opine, "good *corn-fed* pork," (and no other is good) will rule the roast, of which themselves will not be slow to partake.

My remarks are of course only applicable to men, women and children with comparatively healthy stomachs, who have sufficient exercise, with pure air and pure water.

☞ Our flatterers will tell us anything sooner than our faults, or what they know we do not like to hear.—*Richardson.*

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.
—*Tennyson.*

A HOME FANCY.

Loved well, when pacing in the twilight meadow
Thou first vouchsafe'd thy plighted troth to me,
All heaven then trembling in the sunlit shadow
Eve showered around us from the trysting tree.

Loved more, when joybells chimed our nuptial hours,
While bridal maidens group'd thy form beside;
And on thy raven hair sweet orange flowers
Marked my betrothed fair—ay, blooming bride!

Loved most, when nestled by our home hearth's shining,
Our first wee prattler clinging to my knee,
I saw, through thy dear eyes, thy soul divining
The Lover, Husband, Father, blent in me.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Usefulness of Literary Men.—It is a known fact that a literary man, called upon to make a report on any question of a technical kind, say a question of drainage or water supply, will, even though on Monday he may know nothing whatever of the subject, be able, if he is a person of skill, and has access to the necessary materials, to furnish before Saturday a clearer, fuller and more accurate statement of all that is wanted, than could have been prepared by the united labors for a month of an entire committee of mere men of business. Nor is he to be specially thanked for this. Expression, the arrangement of words and paragraphs, and the method of presenting it to the public apprehension, are arts to be acquired by practice; and the literary man has acquired them.—*London Weekly Times.*

☞ It is generally observed that persons of about forty years, especially young ladies of that age, are very forgetful of those with whom they were acquainted in childhood. This remarkable dimness of memory has been appropriately styled "The darkness of the middle ages."

Useful Receipts.

Brewing Ale.—I enclose the following recipe for brewing a half hogshead of ale:—5 bushels of pale malt, 4 pounds best hops; put into mash tub 30 gallons of hot water 202 degrees, 13 gallons of cold water 49 degrees, mean heat 166 degrees; shake the malt in and stir it well about, and let it stand 1½ hours; then draw off the wort and mix it with the hops; then pour over the grains sufficient hot water at 200 degrees to fill your barrel, allowing some for waste in boiling and working. Boil the wort and hops for one hour. Put 1 pint of yeast to 3 gallons of wort, at 72 degrees, to begin to work, and add the remainder at 68 degrees.—*London Field.*

To Cure Chilblains.—Make a kettle full of pretty strong brine, when it is as hot as can be borne by the feet, pour part of it into a foot bath, reserving a part to add as the other cools; keep the feet in fifteen minutes. Two or three applications will cure them: sometimes once will do. It is best used when going to bed.

To Clean Silver.—The black sulphide of silver which forms as quickly on the purest metal as on plated or alloyed wares, may be removed immediately by wiping them with a cloth moistened with aqua ammonia. No rubbing, nor polishing powder is required. It is the cheapest and most convenient article for cleaning either gold or silver.

Door plates and knobs turn dark very soon after a rain, because sulphide of hydrogen is disengaged from the soil by moisture, and mingles with the atmosphere, and causes a dark film upon the silver. This is immediately removed by wiping with aqua ammonia.

Washing Prints.—To wash prints, delaines and lawns which will fade by using soap, make a starch water similar for starching prints, wash in two waters without any soap; rinse in clear water. If there is green in the fabric add a little alum to the starch water.

To Dye a Good Brown.—A decoction of oak bark, dyes wool and silk a fast brown of various shades, according to the quantity employed. If the article to be dyed be first passed through a wash of alum water the color will be brightened. An infusion of walnut-peels answers well.

A Proper System of Stewing.—Stewing consists in subjecting meat for a considerable time to a very moderate heat in a small quantity of water. No good stew for an early dinner can be made the day it is wanted. The plan recommended is, to cut the meat in pieces of the required size, pack them closely together, covering them with cold water, or, what is preferable, broth; place the stewpan where it will gradually warm, and keep it for some hours at a heat considerably short of boiling. The albumen is thus dissolved, and the fibres so far softened and separated, that the toughest parts become tender and digestible. The stew should be put away in an open vessel until the next day, when the fat should be removed from the top, vegetables and seasoning added; it may be thickened with flour or meal if required. On the Continent vinegar is largely employed in the process of stewing. It acts by softening the fibrin, and so renders the meat more tender and digestible. The value of vinegar in economical cookery may be tested by the use of the following recipe:—Take some meat from the coarsest joints of the ox, such as the leg, shin, or sticking-piece, cut it in slices of 2 or 3 ounces each, dip each piece in good vinegar, and then pack the whole in a stewpan, with onions, turnips, or other vegetable, cut small, without water! cover it closely, and let it stand by the side of the fire for six or eight hours; it will then be found to be thoroughly done, and to have yielded abundance of gravy, being at the same time remarkably tender. The only precaution necessary is that the heat should never be suffered to approach the boiling point. Or the meat, vegetables, and flavoring materials may be placed in an earthenware jar, which can be closely tied down, and then placed in a large saucepan of water, or very slow oven. This mode of cooking is applicable to any kind of meat, and will be found exceeding economical, giving little trouble, and furnishing a very nutritious, digestible, and delicious food. The acid of the vinegar is entirely dissipated during the process.—W. B. Tegetmeier's *Manual of Domestic Economy.*

MOONLIGHT.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

The moon is rising in the East,
  She sends her beams afar;
Half-way up the firmament
The radiant messengers are sent,
  To each preceding star,
To warn those watchers of the night
  The moon, their queen, is near,
And bid them veil, in modest guise,
The beams of their too ardent eyes
  Before her crystal sphere.

The moon is rising in the East—
  Dear love, let us go forth;
The steady star true lovers love
  Shines cloudless in the North;
And where the Western hills arise,
  Dark as the day declines,
Superior o'er the heavenly hosts
  The changeful Venus shines.

I know a lost and lonely path
  Beside the bounding sea;
The bending branches overhead,
By night their showers of blossoms shed;
  Low airs are breathing through the boughs,
  Holy and sweet as lovers vows,—
  As our low vows shall be.

And, where the opened Golden Gate
  Reveals the waste, behold,
Slow growing gloom usurps the scene
  That lately gleamed like gold;
Alas, that this sweet Western wind
  Should be its latest breath;
Alas, that all things bright become
  The brightest close to death.

The moon is rising in the East—
  And in the West a cloud:—
Heaven save us from such thoughts of fear,
But, to mine eye its folds appear,
A coffin and a shroud!
  Lo, how its sable fringes rise,
How trailing up the saddened skies;
  It moves—it flies—so soon
Must this dark shadow from the skies
  Blot out the rising moon?

Oh, loveliest, let this omen bear
  But lightly on thy heart;
Close to my breast—cling closer still—
  We shall not be apart!
And know it has been surely said,
  By our good Lord above,
That death may strike the world at will,
  But cannot conquer Love.

APPARENT CONTRADICTIONS OF HUMAN NATURE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

You will meet a Calvinist and an Arminian on the same day, and be surprised to reflect that the former is the more amiable man of the two. Yielding to what he thinks an irresistible logic, he, so far from carrying it out regarding his fellow-creatures in his own behaviour to them, has a face of geniality to all, and is a universal benefactor. One could almost suppose that, just because he does profess a stern creed, he the more feels himself called upon to prove that it does not chill his heart—whereas the Arminian is under no such call. Or it may be that, secretly having some misgivings as to that universal pardon which his own heart would extend, he feels as if there were some hope for him in supposing that another and higher Power will be less relenting. It may be partly in both ways that the strange contradiction arises. Perhaps the phenomenon of the "best-natured man with the worst-natured muse" is of the same character—a remorseful and self-reproaching complaisance "taking it out" in a little occasional quiet satire.

One of the most remarkable contradictions between personal behaviour and theory ever known, was in the case of the celebrated Mr. Malthus. The harshness of his doctrine (however true) towards the affections of poor human nature, was what we all know. Men used to figure him, in consequence, as a sour, stoical old bachelor, who could have calmly looked on while starvation and pestilence were checking off the supernumeraries of creation. But the real Mr. Malthus, as we know from the reports of those who knew him, was an amiable, gentle-natured country parson, who grew old in the sunshine of a fireside which his worth and kindliness had blessed. He would have been precisely the last man in the world to interfere harshly with the tastes and enjoyments of others, or to order any one away from nature's feast, or any other feast, as a person for whom there was no platter. He whose name has been worked into the language as expressive of the undesirableness of children, was fond of children, and beloved by them, as usual, in return. It would have been a curious study for any one who knew him intimately, to trace what it was in his mind that suggested to him, and enabled him to maintain so pertinaciously, a dogma which mankind in general have viewed with a kind of horror. Perhaps the very unconsciousness of unkind feelings towards his fellow-creatures was what enabled him to take up his unkind doctrine; a colder man might have distrusted himself, fearful it might be an emanation of his severity of temper, for which he would get into discredit.

State parties, and individual politicians professing patriotic views ought, in consistency, to be the most kind and beneficent in their personal acts; while the partisans of strong government might be expected to prove tyrants in their own circles. But there is a notorious remark to precisely the contrary purport—namely, that the professors of patriotism and philanthropy are often more exacting, arbitrary, and harsh in their private conduct than the most high flying Tories. Is it that the former can satisfy the calls of conscience in the case by the profession and the advocacy, and, feeling as if no more were wanting, do no more accordingly, but rather feel themselves entitled to be a little sour now and then; while the Tories, sensible that their doctrine would subjugate the people (for their own good), are under a call to show that, with this severity on their lips, they can be practically beneficent—willing, shall we say, to do every imaginable thing for their fellow-creatures but trust them with the power of doing anything for themselves?

There again is that strange, deep remark of Swift, that nice people are people of filthy ideas.* It is a satire of refinement, surely in the main unjust; but there are certainly some people of great external nicety, whose inner minds, as occasionally appears in their conduct, are far from being cleanly. Probably it is that, sensible of the fault, they fly for solace to the exemplification of the opposite. They are nice through mere antagonism to their want of true purity.

In one of the personal narratives of the siege of Lucknow, it is stated that many of the persons formerly most noted for their courtesy and good manners, proved, in the exigencies of the time, uncommonly selfish; while among people who had been thought rude and rather rough, there were many bright examples of self-sacrificing kindness. Is it to be believed that men put on virtues *because* they have them not, only speak of sincerity when they are shamming, and will even be deceivers in their faults?

I must confess to a disrelish for perfect characters, or persons who are always straining up to some uncommon pitch of correctness in some particular point. When I find an uneasy, restless, unsatisfiable eagerness about being good, I always fear that the goodness may not prove solid or lasting, or that it may be accompanied by error in some other quarter, more than down-weighing it. The really worthy people are those who make little din or fuss about either their own conduct or other people's. The truth is, to be over-conscious of sin is itself sin—with genuine innocence you might live an age and never hear of iniquity. So also I feel it to be a kind of reproach to speak much of a country as a very moral country. It seems to imply that there is some unusual sense in that country of propensities to be struggled with, or of rewards to be gained by suppressing or appearing to suppress them.—Such a country may always reasonably be suspected of being in reality worse in some points than its neighbors. Our friend, Major Truefitt, is so much impressed with this view, that he is always solicitous of defending his native country of Scotland from the charge of being a specially moral country. He insists that it shows as much reckless imprudence in commerce, as much erratic amatory enthusiasm, as high a degree of bacchanalian extravagance, as any country under the sun. He calls on you to look at its Darien expeditions and Stuart rebellions in the past, its Western Banks, its returns of births and of "gallons entered for home consumption" in the present, and say whether that country can be fairly accused of any suspicious amount of either prudence or external morality. There may be a few people constantly crying out, Let us be moral; but you must not on that account fix a stigma upon the whole population.

A tremendous problem every now and then occurs among us; a man turns out to be a frightful cheat and defaulter, or a dreadful profligate, who had for a long course of years appeared as a person of profound piety and entire worth. The ordinary—we might say the vulgar pronouncement on the subject is, that the man was all along a feigner of good qualities and sound opinions and duties—a successful hypocrite. A more candid and analytical view would admit some shade of sincerity even in this wretched sinner. We must remember how much we can impose on ourselves; what struggles there are in us between good and evil inclinations; how natural a resource it is for the erring to try to make some consolation and atonement out of good intentions, blind gropings at rectitude, desires to see that advanced which may at least save others. There really is no authentication for one-third of the hypocrisy or insincerity which we commonly speak of as existing in the world. In other words, the possibility of a life long speciosity, or keeping up of appearances opposite to the reality, has never been proved. Human nature would break down under any such appearances in a very short time, if there were not a support in that palpable unmistakable power we have of self deception, of believing that we believe, of apologising for the want of deeds by emotions, and disguising the selfishness of our opinions under fair pretences.

Ordinary people are so much in the habit of judging of historical persons by the bearing of the acts of these persons on their own convictions, that it is difficult for them to read history in any other light. Thus, one whom we call a persecutor will always appear as a monster of wickedness, while any one whom we call a martyr will equally seem to have an indefeasible claim upon our admiration. Yet it is perfectly certain that many persecutors have been excellent men. It is a remark of Neander, that the best Roman Emperors, as Marcus Aurelius and Julian, opposed Christianity, while the more profligate bearers of the purple refrained from molesting it. And it is easy to see how this might be. It being granted that a certain doctrine is of the highest consequence for the ultimate happiness of men, and a departure from it equally fatal, it irresistibly follows with a well-wishing man, unrestrained as men heretofore have been by any foresight of counteracting evils, that it will appear worth while to destroy a heterodox few in order to save the faith of the many. Thus it is, indeed, that persecution is always a strictly logical crime. But it is more. It always has a good end in view, and may therefore well be the fault of good men. It is only when its bad results are seen, or men begin to fear for the responsibility they incur in acting out such dreadful things on merely an assurance of themselves being right and others wrong, that persecution is allowed to cease.

A few ideas are here thrown out with a view to suggesting fruitful trains of thought in the reader. If he will only follow them out, I do not doubt that he will come to see cause for taking a great number of things in a different light from that in which they first strike the eye of the observer. Let him find a useful exercise in looking below the seeming and the professed for the real, even though it shock a few of his most respectable old prejudices.

* "A nice man is a man of nasty ideas."—*Swift.*

☞ The common foible of women who have been handsome, is to forget that they are no longer so.

ANECDOTE OF FRANCIS VON GAUDY.

This man is dead now, but he has left us his works, and his name is of high standing among the German authors of this country. His writings are not only translated into English, but into many another language; and many are the hearts that have been gladdened by his sparkling wit, and by the noble strain of his high thoughts. On the 9th of February, 1840, they buried him in the Dorotheen cemetery at Berlin; and the epitaph underneath a simple vase, with a marble laurel-wreath at top, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a weeping willow, tells us where to look for the mortal remains of Francis von Gaudy. As to his soul, it is with us still, in the works he has left us. "*Son cœur est ici, mais son ame est partout.*"

Poetry and soldiership being ill matched, it is not to be wondered at that Francis von Gaudy, who undoubtedly was a good poet, was a very bad soldier. He might have made a good one in time of war, for nothing could ever daunt his courage; but, unfortunately for him, after the battle of Waterloo, there was no more war in Europe. In time of peace, however, the qualifications by which the denomination of a "good soldier" is earned are vastly different from those which are required in wartime, and Francis von Gaudy could lay no claim to their proprietorship. To follow, year after year, the same old beaten path, to submit to the drudgery and annoyance of absolute subordination, resigning the very shadow of independence, even to the freedom of thought itself—were demands he found but little to his liking.

No wonder, therefore, that he soon got tired of the eminent situation of a Lieutenant in his Majesty the King of Prussia's 46th infantry, and that he discharged the important duties attached thereto with a heavy heart and a growing impatience.

As it happened, however, that he was not rich, and that his pay as an officer constituted chiefly his means of subsistence, he was forced to hold out for many a weary year, in spite of his reluctance, till at last the event occurred described in the following narrative, which induced him to throw up his commission at all hazards.

German officers are subjected to this kind of control exercised by the commander of their regiment; he is bound to transmit annually to the superior authority a certain minute report concerning the general conduct, the character, and the qualities of each of his subaltern officers. These reports—characteristics, as they are called—exerting of course much influence on the further advancement of the criticised individual, are a matter of no small annoyance to the officers, and the more so, that they are always kept secret.

Now, for what we have already stated with respect to our poet, it was likely that his annual characteristic should contain certain appendices which were but little adapted to favor his prospects in the military career. Indeed, the General commanding the division had been somewhat surprised to find, every year, over and over again, the same passage repeated in the aforesaid document, asserting that Francis von Gaudy, though an amiable companion in society, and a thorough gentleman, was a very bad officer, who cared but little for the benefit of the service.

The General, a man of mild temper and easy habits, whose maxim was, to live and let live, had been indulgent for some years, hoping, perhaps that the transgressor might improve; but when the same passage, couched in the same terms, was again repeated with such remarkable obstinacy for the fifth time, he began to think that there was little chance of such an event, and resolved to interfere at the first convenient moment.

The regiment to which our hero was attached was garrisoned in a small country town in Silesia, and the General commanding the division had to inspect it once every year. It was therefore for his next visit that he reserved an investigation of the matter by sounding personally the careless warrior and thorough gentleman.

Early on an autumn morning in the year 1835, the small country town of Brieg, in the Prussian province of Silesia, wore a very active and lively aspect. Adjutants and other mounted functionaries, all looking very consequential, were seen galloping up and down the streets, though without any very appreciable reason. Drums were beaten, signal-horns and trumpets sounded through the town, inquisitive crowds of sympathising people, intermixed with numerous female amateurs of the military profession, floated up and down the streets, or crowded round the entrance of the barracks, full of expectation of the coming spectacle.

At last the barrack-gates were thrown open, and out marched, preceded by the band, the gallant 46th, in full gala-dress, with its colors flattering, and its band playing the Prussian hymn; all glitter and brightness—a magnificent spectacle, which could not fail to elicit loud cheers from the enthusiastic population of the country town. The Colonel, who rode at the head of his regiment, appeared utterly unmoved by this display of friendly and loyal feelings on the part of the civilians, male and female, and only looked exceedingly grave and dignified. It was a highly important day; in fact, the most important of the year, and looked for with no small excitement, especially by himself; his men had to pass in review before the General commanding the division.

The regiment marched through the town, and took the road to the parade-ground, followed by a large train of civil enthusiasts. When it had reached its place of destination, it was drawn up in file; and by means of much swearing on the part of the Colonel, whose excitement went on increasing proportionally to the approach of the decisive moment, everything was soon made ready for the reception of the superior officer.

The General had sent word that his arrival would not take place before eleven o'clock in the morning; it was therefore only a matter of course that the regiment was held in readiness by the Colonel at eight o'clock A. M.; a kind of punctuality—very common in the profession, by the way—which not only delivered him from any apprehension of delay or neglect, but which, at the same time, gave his inferiors a useful lesson in the art of patience and waiting.

At last, when the sun was about half-an-hour from the summit of the arch of noon, and the greater part of the civil enthusiasts had lost patience and gone home, a dense cloud of dust, whirling up from the highway, announced the approach of the General's carriage. A few minutes afterwards, he was seen alighting with the officers of his staff, mounting on horseback, and galloping straight towards the middle of the regiment.

"Present arms!"

The muskets clattered, the band fell in with the solemn tune prescribed for the occasion, and the colonel's heart beat very fast.

The General rode along the front of the regiment, accompanied by the Colonel, to whom he was heard to address a few questions now and then. When they reached the spot where Lieutenant Gaudy stood motionless before the middle of his platoon, with his sabre lowered in military salute, the Colonel was seen whispering a few words in the General's ear, who forthwith threw a searching glance of evil foreboding at our hero.

When this first muster was over, the regiment was urged by the Colonel through a numberless variety of evolutions, all of which were intended to strike awe and terror in the ranks of some imaginary enemy, but which in reality, had no other effect than to render the men much fatigued, and the Colonel very hoarse.

The practical exercises being gone through, the regiment was formed into an open square, the arms were piled, the General and the other mounted officers alighted, and it became the turn of the theoretical department to undergo a similar investigation.

In Germany, instruction in the various branches of military service is given to the men by the commissioned officers themselves, who are consequently personally responsible for the state of intellectual education in their respective companies.

"Who is the officer intrusted with the instruction of the fourth company of the second battalion?" asked the General.

The question was a mere formality, the Colonel having previously favored him with the desired information.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped out of the ranks, and saluting the commanding officer, avowed that he was the person to whom this important affair had been confided.

The General glanced at him in a manner by no means very affectionate.

"I wish you, sir," said he, after a pause, speaking very slowly, and with an intentional accentuation in his voice that did not escape the notice of our hero—"I wish you to examine the men in the different branches of instruction in which you have educated them, so that I may be able to convince myself whether the tuition has produced a good effect."

Our poet knew at once what the meaning of all this was. The request, though entirely in harmony with the General's visit, was nevertheless rather unusual and obsolete, and could scarcely be proposed without a particular reason, which was made the more obvious by the fact that the General was well known to be no friend whatever to such proceedings, and especially as in this case, before dinner.

The accumulated bitterness of many a year, arduously suppressed till then, was about to give vent, and to break through the bonds so long hated and despised by our friend. He knew that, whatever the result of the examination might be, he could not escape a public rebuke if the General had made up his mind to find fault with him; and he resolved, therefore, to anticipate him, and to bring on the catastrophe himself.

Saluting the commanding officer once more, he asked respectfully in what particular branch of knowledge he was to examine the men; whether in tactics, military deportment, nomenclature, regulation of service, science of arms, and so on.

He might do as he pleased; the General had no wish to restrict him to one particular subject only; he was at liberty to select his theme.

The company was marched into the middle of the square; the General, the Colonel, and the rest of the officers of the regiment drew near to attend to the spectacle. When everything was in readiness, the General touched his hat with his right hand, in token that he was waiting for matters to begin.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped up to the file-leader of his company, and asked him in a loud voice what was the greatest vice which a soldier could indulge in.

"Drunkenness!" answered the man without hesitation.

"What is the name of the commanding officer of your company?" he went on, addressing the next man.

"Captain von Rudesheim!" was the immediate answer.

On the faces of the ensigns, something like a suppressed smile became visible. The Captain, whose partiality towards the bottle was proverbial in the whole regiment, tried to look unconcerned.

"Which is the next vice most blamable in a soldier?" was the following question, addressed to the third man.

"Gambling!"

"Who is the commanding officer of the second battalion of the 46th infantry?"

"Major Charles Pharo!" answered the man, with praiseworthy accuracy.

The hilarity of the ensigns became somewhat irrepressible, although they strove hard to conceal it. The Major, who presided over a certain club which was in the habit of sitting, with locked doors, twice a week, seemed by no means well pleased to have his name thus mentioned. The Colonel looked very grave. With regard to the General, it was impossible to say whether he felt annoyed or amused at these singular questions: his countenance remained utterly impassive.

"Who was the inventor of gunpowder?"*

* A proverbial saying in Germany, "He has not invented the gunpowder," means as much as "He is no great luminary," or as we say, "He will never set the river on fire."

This next question, started in a very abrupt manner, was addressed by our hero to a square-built man, with a cocked-up nose, who was apparently not prepared for a quick reply, and who looked somewhat perplexed, and exceedingly stupid.

"Be quick!" urged the examiner.

The man seemed to reflect. He was turning over in his mind the answers given by his comrades; and finding that the "Captain" and the "Major" had already been approved of, he reasoned that it must needs be now the turn of the Colonel. Happy to have arrived at this logical conclusion, he replied, with much self-satisfaction—

"Colonel Dunce!"

"You are mistaken, my friend," said the officer, with earnestness. "That is the name of the commanding officer of your regiment; but he is not the man that has invented the gunpowder."

This question was the last. The General, beginning to have some apprehension of his own turn coming next, made a sign to stop the proceedings.

On the following morning, Francis von Gaudy, the lieutenant, was given to understand that he had better apply for his discharge, as otherwise it might come to pass that the same would be forwarded to him without his intervention. He did so accordingly, and henceforth was known only as Francis von Gaudy, the poet.

DEATH IN LIFE.

FROM "BITTER-SWEET," A POEM, BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Life evermore is fed by death,
  In earth, and sea, and sky;
And, that a rose may breathe its breath,
  Something must die.

Earth is a sepulchre of flowers,
  Whose vitalizing mould,
Through boundless transmutation, towers
  In green and gold.

The oak tree, struggling with the blast,
  Devours its father tree,
And sheds its leaves and drops its mast,
  That more may be.

The falcon preys upon the finch,
  The finch upon the fly;
And naught will loose the hunger-pinch
  But death's wild cry.

* * * * * * *

From lowly woe spring lordly joy:
  From humbler good diviner;
The greater life must aye destroy
  And drink the minor.

From hand to hand life's cup is passed
  By Being's piled gradation,
Till men to angels yield at last
  The rich collation.

A SINGULAR DEFENCE OF MURDER.—A singular instance of a Jew benefitting by his religion is thus related by Edmond About:—"He had committed a crime almost unknown among the Hebrews of our days; that of murder, and the victim was his brother-in-law. The case was clear, and completely proved. Here is the substance of the argument urged in his defence by his advocate: Gentlemen—Whence comes it that the law punishes murderers so severely, even sometimes to the extent of putting them to death? It is because, in assassinating a Christian a soul and body is slain at the same time. An unprepared being is hurried into the presence of the Sovereign Judge, who has not confessed his sins, who has not received absolution, and who falls directly into hell, or at all events into purgatory. Therefore, murder—I mean the murder of a Christian—cannot be too severely punished. But we, what have we killed? Nothing, gentlemen, but a miserable Jew, damned, according to your creed, beforehand. If he had had a hundred years to prepare for death—you know the obstinacy of his race—he would still have died without confession. Let me beseech your indulgence for a venial error, and reserve your severity for those who attack the life and salvation of a Christian."

This plea was actually successful and the culprit escaped with a few months' imprisonment.

LADY PROFESSORS.—The beautiful Novella d'Andrea, daughter of the great jurist, Giovanni d'Andrea, professor of law in the University of Bologna, in the fifteenth century, was wont to take her father's place as lecturer on law, observing, however, the precaution of using a veil, lest her beauty should distract the attention of her pupils. Her mother, Milancia, scarcely less learned, was habitually consulted by Giovanni on all questions of special difficulty which arose. Lauri Bassi held the chair of philosophy in more modern times. Clotilda Tambroni, the last and not the least distinguished of the lady professors of Bologna, has besides her literary glories, the honor of having suffered in the cause of loyalty and religion. Like her friend and fellow professor, Mezzofanti, she refused on the occupation of Bologna by the French, to take the oath of the new government, and was deprived of the professorship of Greek in consequence.—*Life of Mezzofanti.*

A ROYAL COMEDY.—Sophia Dorothea (Queen of Prussia) had a set of very splendid diamonds, which she seldom ventured to wear in the presence of her arbitrary and display-abhorring lord. She herself, however, had no objection to array her fine person in costly attire, and upon one occasion, during the king's indisposition, she appeared at a birth-day ball, at Monbijou, adorned with these magnificent ornaments. The evening was very gay in the absence of the stern master; the dancing and music were at their height, and the queen was deeply immersed in her game, when the announcement, "The king is coming," caused a general consternation. The music ceased; the dancing stopped; and the queen, as she sat, hastily unclasped her jewels, and thrust them into her pocket before the king had time to withdraw his angry gaze from the brilliantly and *extravagantly* lighted apartment, and perceive them.—*Atkinson's Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia.*

☞ Reason governs the wise man, and cudgels the fool.

PROF. MARSH ON WORDS.—Grand words in a language indicated the existence of grand thoughts, and they were apt to induce them. Suppose a people with no terms corresponding to *holiness, love, mercy, charity:* what should we expect of it? Could its moral teachers (it would not be likely to have any) inculcate morality? Men must also learn to hate and abhor the evil, as well as to love the good: so they must have names for the vices. The translation of the Bible into the uncultivated languages has been found exceedingly difficult, as they had no names for the virtues or the vices, the people having no clear conception of either. The French boasted that they had no word for *bribe* in their language, and argued that, consequently, they must be less given to bribery than other nations. But Mr. Marsh thought that the reproach conveyed by the word had a wholesome influence. Indeed, it would be difficult properly to abhor wrong, unless it was definite enough in our minds to have a name. It was better to have an opprobious name for the thing than to gloss it over as the French did by an apologetic circumlocution. Most of the more intimate words of morality and religion were Saxon. The words *atonement, God, good, holy, sin, wicked, right, wrong,* and their derivatives, were all pure Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Marsh devoted the conclusion of his lecture to a rebuke of the tendency of fashionable society to use vague expressions, partly from the desire to be non-committal, and partly from the vulgar prejudice which proscribed a precise and definite opinion upon any subject, as arrogant and contrary to the laws of good taste. He thought that nothing was more destructive to manliness of thought, than vagueness of expression. On the other hand, we must not be intemperately strong.—It was a psychological law that the mere giving utterance to a feeling intensified the feeling: sometimes this was the case to such a degree that the brute became master of the man. The form which we gave our thoughts re-acted upon them with mighty force. Fiery words were the hot blast which inflamed the fuel of our nature. Hence the importance of extreme circumspection in the use of strong language; hence the importance, too, that we should embalm our conclusions in moderate words. It was a favorite maxim with Webster that violence of language indicated shallowness of feeling, and he always kept his auditor ahead of him in that.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A POET'S DIET AND APPURTENANCES.—Shelley's dietary was frugal and independent; very remarkable and quite peculiar to himself. When he felt hungry he would dash into the first baker's shop, buy a loaf and rush out again, bearing it under his arm; and he strode onwards in his rapid course, breaking off pieces of bread and greedily swallowing them. He took with bread, frequently, by way of condiment, not water-cresses, as did the Persians of old, according to the fable of Xenophon, but common pudding raisins. He occasionally rolled up little pellets of bread, and, in a sly mysterious manner, shot them with his thumb, hitting the persons—whom he met in his walks—on the face, commonly on the nose, at which he grew to be very dexterous. When he was dining at a coffee-house, he would sometimes amuse himself thus, if that could be an amusement which was done unconsciously. A person receiving an unceremonious fillip on the nose, after this fashion, started and stared about; but I never found that anybody, although I was often apprehensive that some one might resent it, perceived or suspected from what quarter the offending missile had come. The wounded party seemed to find satisfaction in gazing upwards at the ceiling, and in the belief that a piece of plaster had fallen from thence. When he was eating his bread alone over his book, he would shoot his pellets about the room, taking aim at a picture, or an image, or any other object which attracted his notice. —*Hogg's Life of Shelley.*

SCHOOL GIRLS IN WINTER.—We wish to put in a special plea for the girls. Make their dresses short enough to swing clear of the snow and mud, and give them good water-proof boots, to wear to school. Yes, we insist upon it—they should have boots. Women's shoes of the present fashion are no more fit to be put upon country roads in winter, than an Indian's birch bark canoe is fit to cross the Atlantic. Boots will not look quite so trim about the ankle, or step so lightly upon the floor, but they will do what is of more consequence—preserve the health to show off these graces in after life, and to take a great many elastic steps that otherwise might be fewer, and those leading directly down to the grave.

Another thing we are glad to see coming in fashion: the ladies are learning to skate, and for this they must have boots. Now, girls, get each of you a pair of neat winter boots, and a pair of skates to fit, and the first ice that forms in your neighborhood, large enough, go out with your brothers, or somebody else's brothers, and learn to skate. Be prudent about it, and not overdo the exercise, and you will find it a capital medicine—next to horseback riding.

The only way to bring about a race of healthy women, is to attend to the physical development of the girls before they are diluted in the false system of fashionable accomplishment, that fits them for nothing but elegant imbeciles.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

THE SAVIOUR AND APOSTLES GENTLEMEN.—It is probable that no science on earth conveys to its votaries a greater degree of enthusiasm than that of heraldry. One instance at least can be brought, unmatched in any other. The passage is taken from a scarce treatise, in quarto, entitled "The Blazon of Gentry," (a book recommended by Peacham, in his "Compleat Gentleman," as a book to be bought at any rate), and runs thus: "Christ was a gentleman, as to the flesh, by the part of His mother (as I have read): and might, if He had esteemed of the vayne glorye of this worlde (whereof He often sayde His kingdom was not) have borne coat-armor. The apostles also (as my author telleth me) were gentlemen of blood, and many of them descended from that worthy conqueror, Judas Machabeus; but, through the tract of time, and persecution of wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and they were constrayned to servile workes."—*Dunsford's History of Tiverton.*

The Reports.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY of the TREASURY.

We are indebted to the *North American* of this city, for the following abstract of Secretary Cobb's report:—

The Secretary opens with a statement of the balance in the treasury on the first of July, 1857, which was $17,710,114. The receipts from all ordinary sources into the treasury during the fiscal year then beginning, and ending June 30th, 1858, vary largely in the successive quarters, as follows:

First quarter,	- -	$30,929,819
Second "	- -	7,092,665
Third "	- -	8,002,528
Fourth "	- -	10,532,556
		$16,557,568

But from extraordinary sources, loans and treasury notes, there was added to the receipts of the last two quarters the sum of $23,716,300; making the aggregate means of the service of the year ending June 30, 1858, $87,983,984. The expenditures for the same year were nearly uniform for the different quarters, amounting in the aggregate to $81,585,657; leaving a balance in the treasury on July 1st, of $6,398,317.

For the current year, 1858–9, the receipts for the quarter ending September 30th, were $14,825,679 from ordinary sources, and $10,405,200 from the loan and treasury notes. The Secretary's estimate of receipts for the remaining three quarters is $38,500,000, which, with the sums above named, makes up an aggregate of means for the current year of $70,129,195.

The expenditures for the first quarter of the current year were $21,708,196, and the Secretary's estimate for the remaining three quarters is $52,357,698; making a total for the year of $74,065,897; and leaving a deficit at the end of the year of $3,936,701. To meet this deficit there are extraordinary resources in the loan already authorized of ten millions of dollars, and one million in treasury notes. If these are used, there will, it is estimated, be a balance in the treasury, July 1st, 1859, of $7,063,398.

The Secretary then estimates for the next fiscal year, ending July 1, 1860. The customs are expected to yield fifty-six millions for that year, and other sources with the balance above named, to make up an aggregate of $69,065,298. The expenditures are placed at twelve and a half millions, nearly, for "balance of existing appropriations," eight and a half millions, nearly, for "permanent and indefinite appropriations," and for regular service $52,162,515; total, $73,139,147. Deducting the estimated receipts, then, there will be a deficit of $4,075,848; to which should be added, $3,838,728 for deficiency in postal service, not included in the above; total deficit, $7,914,576.

The Secretary remarks that the estimates of last year were made under circumstances unfavorable to correct judgment, the new tariff act not having been tried, and a monetary revulsion existing, but the present estimates are based on the opinion that a reaction in the business of the country has begun, and they are put forth with greater confidence. Referring to the heavy decline of our imports, and to the smaller falling off of exports, it is thought that they exhibit a considerable payment of our foreign debt, and show a large margin for increased importation when the country shall have recovered. The increased receipts from customs of the last two months, as compared with the same months of last year, are held to sustain this position.

The expected deficiency in June, 1860, the Secretary thinks should not be met by a loan. A revision of the tariff of 1857 is the only remedy, unless Congress shall essentially change the financial system. The leading principle of a tariff, as an original act, should be revenue simply, and in the present revision this principle should direct and control the action of Congress. "It is obvious that this is most effectually done by taxing, in preference to others, such articles as are not produced in this country; and among articles produced here, those in which the home product bears the least proportion to the quantity imported, are the fittest for taxation." The reason of this principle is, that in one case the tax on imported articles alone is paid, while in the other, the price of the like articles made here is also enhanced. No such tariff has yet been laid. The earliest purpose of levying duties was to render us independent in time of war, but in the process of outgrowing that necessity, large interests have been fostered which demand protection, and it is not expected that a tariff will now be framed on rigid revenue principles.

Assuming that the principles of the existing tariff will be retained, however, in the revision, it is regretted that the tariff of 1857 has not been fully tried. It went into operation at an unfavorable time, and the revulsion is not attributable to it, as the existence of a revulsion in Europe shows. A comparison of the prices, and quantities imported of iron and steel sustains this view, in the opinion of the Secretary, since a greater decline occurred at Liverpool than at New York. It is claimed that the tariff of 1846 was also not the cause of any decline in manufactures, and the exports of 1847 and 1857 are compared, showing a large increase from the former date. Agricultural exports were exceptional in 1847, in consequence of famine abroad.

As to the best mode of revising the present tariff, it is thought preferable not to revive the higher rates of the tariff of 1846. The proposed home valuation principle is opposed at length, and claimed to be impracticable, for many reasons. The precise form of revision preferred, is to increase the rates in schedule C from 24 to 25 per cent.; schedule S, from 19 to 20 per cent.; schedule F, from 12 to 15 per cent.; schedule G, from 8 to 10 per cent., and schedule D, from 4 to 5 per cent. It is estimated that this change will add $1,800,000 to the receipts from customs. Schedules C and D are large and important, embracing most textile fabrics, with iron and manufactures of iron. F is a small list, in which raw silk, steel, tin and zinc are the most prominent items. G and H are mainly made up of drugs, metals in use in the arts, watches, furs, &c. To obtain the requisite additional revenue, it is proposed to select certain articles to be transferred from lower to higher schedules, and a table giving a list of articles, with the quantity imported, and the revenue derived, is submitted to assist in the selection of these, no preference being expressed, except for the maintainance of the revenue principle as far as may be done.

In regard to the public debt, the Secretary wishes provision for keeping the treasury notes still outstanding, by extending the provisions of the act of December 23, 1857, for one year, which act authorizes the re-issue, if no money is in hand to redeem them. There were $19,754,800 of treasury notes outstanding on the first of July last. The permanent public debt, apart from these, is now $35,155,977; and the Secretary opposes the funding of the treasury notes, to add them to this sum. By reissuing such as it may not be practicable to redeem during the next year, it is expected that this sum may be carried forward without difficulty, and with no unnecessary increase of taxes.

The sub treasury system is commended, but an act of March 3, 1857, requiring payment of all disbursements by drafts on some depository, has been found impracticable of execution.

The Secretary opposes a recommendation of the Director of the Mint for authority to issue mint certificates for sums as low as fifty dollars, payable to bearer; and also a recommendation from the same source, to make silver a legal tender in larger sums than at present.

No public buildings have been begun within the year, and little has been expended on works in progress, because of the low state of the treasury. It is strongly recommended that no new public buildings, for custom house and post office purposes, be authorized.

A revision of the revenue laws is recommended, as proposed a year since. The preventive service, in matters of revenue, is explained to often require the establishment of a port and officers where few or no goods will come in except by smuggling.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

We are gratified to find that the financial exhibit of the war office is relieved from much of the apprehended encumbrances. The ten millions of expenditure required for the Mormon campaign have been paid and settled, so that no heavy aftercraps from that quarter are to be dreaded. As compared with the appropriations last year, the Secretary shows that the expenditures will be reduced to the extent of $9,160,488.32, and by the sum of $2,735,408.55, compared with former estimates.

Considering the Indian hostilities in Washington and Oregon Territories, in New Mexico, and on the frontier of Texas, and the necessity for what may be called a standing army in Utah, this condition of things surprises us agreeably in all respects, and we think the public owe much to the vigor, sagacity and skill with which the military affairs of the Government have been conducted under the management of Gov. Floyd. In awarding a just measure of praise to Gen. Clark, for his gallant conduct and extraordinary success in the Pacific, the Secretary has responded generously to public sentiment, as he has also in paying a deserved tribute to the self-sacrificing and perilous achievements of Captain Marcy, in bringing relief to Gen. Johnston, when encamped before Salt Lake.

The authorized strength of the army as posted is 18,165, but the actual strength, on July 1st, was 17,498. These troops compose the whole numerical force of our army, distributed through the States and Territories of the entire confederacy, manning all the fortifications occupied by troops, holding all the posts now garrisoned, defending all our extended frontiers, and protecting as far as possible the different routes extending across the continent, from the Mississippi valley to our possessions on the Pacific. The absolute demands for men on the various posts, stations, &c., as well as for what might be termed the police operations of the army, left only thirteen regiments for actual service in the field. And upon this small force, numbering little over 11,000 men, devolved the arduous duty of prosecuting all the Indian wars, which have extended this year from the British possessions on the Pacific to the border settlements of Mexico; as well as of crushing the rebellion in Utah, which, from its vindictive spirit and large numbers, threatened at its outbreak to become, and indeed was, very formidable. It may safely be asserted that no army of the same size ever before performed in so short a space of time marches and movements, of such extent, surmounting in their progress such formidable obstacles. No disaster has befallen the army throughout its immense ramifications, and the privations, hardships, toils and dangers to which it has been continually subjected, have been borne without a murmur. In speaking of the war with the Indians on the Pacific, the Secretary says that a permanent peace has been established by treaties entered into with them, and the army has been already distributed to points where the presence of a force was greatly needed.

In alluding to the Navajos, he says they probably numbered three thousand mounted warriors, an extremely formidable force, but there shall be no relaxation in prosecuting the war, until the savages are brought absolutely under the yoke. The war in Texas may be looked upon as just begun, and the probabilities are it will be one of fierceness, and may be of considerable duration. Much apprehension for the hostile manifestations of the savages beyond the confines of Iowa and Minnesota has been felt by the frontier settlements of those States. The Secretary regrets to say our force is not sufficient to spare troops in such numbers as will quiet altogether these alarms.

The operations of the army in Utah have in themselves been important, and fraught with momentous results. The people of that Territory, however, still evince a spirit of insubordination and moody discontent. The necessity which called for the presence of the troops in Utah, will require a strong force still to be kept there. Much praise is bestowed upon Gen. Johnston and the officers and troops under his command.

The disbursements now amount to nearly $10,000,000 in the Quartermaster's Department. Every voucher has been filed, with the exception of $280,000. Nothing will be lost.

As to the Artillery School of Practice, at Fort Monroe, so long an object desired among the military men of the country, this, the Secretary says, has been established, and bids fair to realize all the benefits to the service which its friends anticipated.

He calls attention to the necessity of providing for the payment of claims brought against the Government by different States and Territories for services heretofore rendered by volunteer forces in the suppression of Indian hostilities.

The Secretary says that he has attempted, as far as possible, to meet the just wishes of Congress in reducing the expenses, and the estimates of the next fiscal year amount, in the aggregate, to $16,010,090; and he entertains a strong hope that the expenditure may be still further reduced in the course of another year. If affords him pleasure to say that, notwithstanding the Indian wars in Washington, New Mexico and Texas, all of which were unforseen and unexpected, still, unless there shall be further and larger demands for expenditures in suppressing other Indian hostilities, additional to those already incurred in Washington, New Mexico and Texas, there will be no necessity for asking appropriations in the shape of a deficiency bill.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY of the INTERIOR

The Secretary says that, under the various acts of Congress of 1847, '50, '52, and '55, there have been issued 516,758 land warrants, requiring 55,731,890 acres of the public domain to satisfy them. Of these, 416,632 had been located on the 30th of September last, on 44,238,030 acres of land, leaving outstanding 100,136 warrants, calling for 11,493,860 acres of land.

It is confidently expected that during the next calendar year, the receipts from the sales of the public lands, and the quantities sold and located, will be greatly increased. It is estimated that, without some detrimental change in our system, the income from this source will reach at least $5,000,000.

It is now satisfactorily ascertained that mines of the precious metals are to be found in the territories of Washington, Oregon, New Mexico and Kansas, and the time has arrived for the government of the United States to adopt some definite policy as to its mineral lands. The Secretary, therefore, submits whether it would not be a wise and sound policy at this time to pass a general law, reserving all auriferous silver and cinnabar mines from sale for the use and occupancy of the people of the United States, under such regulations as Congress may prescribe, and leaving those lands containing copper, iron, lead and coal subject to the ordinary laws of settlement and sale for their development. The extent of these defies estimate, and gives assurance to our people, in the future, of unbounded wealth.

Peace and quiet have been restored to Utah, and some additional legislation will be required to place its inhabitants on an equality with those of the other territories. In that territory there are already more than two millions of acres returned as surveyed and ready for market. Occupants are upon these lands, and want to obtain titles to their homes. He therefore submits whether it would not be an act of justice to the people of Utah to establish in that territory a land office, and, at the same time, on express terms, to extend the pre-emption laws so as to embrace all the inhabitants residing within its limits.

The graduation law will continue to prove a fruitful source of fraud and annoyance, unless some change is made in its terms. Congress should require proof of settlement and cultivation prior to the admission and entry, or should release the purchaser from the conditions now imposed.

The Secretary recommends a portion of our *past* policy with regard to the Indians; says the removal of tribes should be avoided. Separate lands should be assigned to individuals, without the power to alienate or encumber them, and money annuities should be expended for the common good, instead of being divided per capita.

The whole number of army pensioners under the various acts of Congress is 10,732, requiring for their payment the annual sum of $902,700. The whole number of navy pensioners is 892, and the aggregate amount of their payments is $130,501.

It appears that the total disbursement for pensions up to this date is about $90,000,000. If to this sum be added the bounties in lands (62,739,367 acres) estimated at $1,25 per acre, the total amount granted for pensions and bounties will be $168,424,202.

On the subject of the next census, the Secretary recommends an adherence to the law of the 23d of May, 1850, in the belief that a census taken in accordance with its provisions, will afford the greatest amount of accurate information, and prove most satisfactory to the country.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

The following items in this report will be found interesting to the general reader:

The Postmaster General proposes, in lieu of the franking privilege now allowed by law to members of Congress, that the Secretary of the Senate and Clerk of the House of Representatives, or such other officer as may be designated for the purpose, furnish the members with postage stamps, to be used on all letters, public documents and packets transmitted by them in the mails, and keep an account of the stamps furnished to each member, to be paid for out of the contingent fund of the House. It is further proposed that all letters and packets, except newspapers addressed to members of Congress, shall be prepaid at the mailing office. In this way the department would be compensated for the services rendered, without a resort to the inconvenience of keeping daily minute accounts of the postage chargeable on such mail matter.

To avoid dissatisfaction and the practical inconvenience of having different rates of postage regulated by distances, it is respectfully submitted whether one uniform rate of five cents for all distances would not enlarge the usefulness of the department, and diminish, if it did not entirely prevent, such heavy drafts on the treasury, and best promote the interests and convenience of the people.

The whole number of post offices on Dec. 1, 1858, was 28,573. On the 30th of June last, there were in operation 6,296 mail routes. The number of contractors was 7,044. The length of these routes is estimated at 260,603 miles; total amount of transportation 78,765,491 miles; and cost $7,795,418. Compared with the services reported 30th of June, 1857, there is an addition of 18,602 miles to the length of routes, and $1,173,372 to the cost. The total estimates for the current year are $10,615,947. The total expenditures of the department in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1858, amounted to $12,722,470. The estimate of receipts and expenditures in 1859—expenditures $14,776,520; means $11,094,393; deficiency $3,682,127. Nothing is said relative to a Post Office Money Draft System.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

From this report we learn that the five steam sloops-of-war authorized by the Act of 1857, will soon be completed. The seven steam screw sloops-of-war, under the Act of 1858, are in a state of great forwardness. Five of them are to be launched during the present month, and be ready for sea in May next, and the other two screw steamers will be launched early in the spring, and be ready for trial by June. The side-wheel steamer being built in California, will be launched in the spring, and ready for sea in August.

All past experience evidences a necessity for an increase of the navy. Twenty effective vessels of smaller class can be built and kept at sea for what it would cost to build and keep at sea four or five vessels of a larger class. Let Congress increase the number of heavy armed vessels, of light draught, until we can frequently display our flag at every point where American interests shall need its protection, and the work will be already done. The addition of at least ten more vessels of that description, is not only a necessary measure, but will be found to be as efficient as any that can be devised, requiring so small an expenditure of the public money.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN LIGHT.—The London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser writes that a new discovery in light is about to be introduced, which, if it realizes the averments of the patentees, will revolutionize all our existing methods of illumination. It was first publicly exhibited during the visit of the Queen to Cherbourg, while Her Majesty was passing at night from her own ship to that of the Emperor. The raw material may be a cheap gas, made from the most common materials, and the increase of brilliancy is obtained by passing it through a new medium, which is said to have all the advantages of lime without its destructibility. The calculations put forth are, that a light equal to that of five hundred street lamps, and lasting twelve hours, can be obtained at a cost equal to 87½ cents, or 3s. 6d. sterling: while "for domestic purposes," one jet equalling in effect 19 pounds of candles, and costing only 4d. (8 cts.) for 12 hours, will give a light fully double that of any ordinary gas burner. It is asserted, also, that the requisite apparatus is cheap, perfectly portable, and capable of being managed even by a child; that the light is free from smell, very white, extremely pure, and characterized by the property of burning steadily, continuously, and without diminution. The patentee is the Hon. W. E. Pitmaurice, and the statements made are so far endorsed by respectable and competent persons as to lead to the hope that the discovery may prove what it is represented to be.

QUEER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A queer accident occurred on the Hudson River Railroad on Friday evening. The express train which left East Albany for New York, had not proceeded over three miles before the engineer discovered that the locomotive had lost one of its immense driving wheels—a piece of machinery some seven feet in diameter. He of course stopped the train and went in pursuit of the lost property. He walked back over a mile, but could not find the wheel. This proves beyond question that the locomotive had done at least a mile with only one driving wheel. How the locomotive could have done this without causing a general smash-up is more than we can say. The engineer, not finding the wheel, sent back to East Albany for another engine. The engine was furnished in about an hour, after which the train started for New York, and made the trip without any other pull-back.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

On the 7th, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to appropriate one million of acres of the public land for the support of free public schools in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Gwin, of California, moved to take up the Pacific Railroad Bill, but

Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, objected that the motion was not in order.

Mr. Gwin notified the Senate that he would call the bill up at an early day.

Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill providing for a pension to the widow of Gen. Persifer F. Smith.

Mr. Seward, of New York, also gave notice that he would introduce a similar bill for the relief of Mrs. Myra Gaines.

Several petitions of little interest were then presented, and, on motion, the Senate adjourned till Thursday.

On the 9th, Mr. Bright, of Indiana, offered a resolution authorizing the Committee on Public Buildings, to inquire and report when the new Senate chamber will be ready for occupancy.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, gave notice of his intention at an early day to propose the abolition of the franking privilege, and to substitute for it a commutation in money.

Charles S. Jones was elected Assistant Doorkeeper of the Senate.

Various memorials of an important character were presented, and also one from the Legislature of Minnesota, asking an appropriation for the improvement of the Mississippi and St. Croix rivers, and for a grant of land to aid in the construction of railroads. Adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Ward, of Texas, introduced a joint resolution, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to make such alterations in the dimensions and plan of the building for the Custom House at Galveston, Texas, as he might deem best, provided the expense did not exceed the amount already appropriated. The resolution lies over under the rule.

Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, introduced bills for the construction of the Northern Pacific Mail route, and Wagon Road from Fort Abercrombie to Puget's Sound.

Considerable routine business was transacted, after which the Senate, at half-past 12 o'clock, adjourned over till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 7th, numerous bills, heretofore passed in the Senate, were severally referred, including the bills making appropriations for internal improvements.

Mr. Keim, of Penna., the newly elected member from Berks county, in place of J. Glancy Jones, resigned; Mr. McRae, of Mississippi, elected in place of Mr. Quitman, deceased, and Mr. Mann, of North Carolina, were admitted to seats.

The House took up the resolution requesting the President to take such steps as may, in his judgment, be best calculated to effect the speedy abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. [This resolution was, at the last session, reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs.]

Mr. Ritchie, of Penna., moved to lay the resolution on the table. Not agreed to—yeas 90, nays 93. The Democrats generally voting in the negative.

On motion, the resolution was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Billinghurst, of Wisconsin, moved to reconsider the vote of yesterday, by which Mr. Curtis's bill for the Central Pacific Railroad was referred to the Select Committee on the subject. He said that the Committee was composed of gentlemen of various sections, who had come to no conclusion, being divided in sentiment, and hence some other committee should have charge of the subject.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, replied that no matter before the House was of more importance, and required a greater share of deliberation and argument. Although the Committee was divided, there was almost a general concurrence that something ought to be done for the railroad, but when the subject of the route was brought up, they found themselves embarrassed. He did not despair of final success on the part of the Select Committee, but if they compromise on any route, it will be the central route.

Mr. Billinghurst's motion was disagreed to—yeas 48; noes not counted.

Mr. Otero, delegate from New Mexico, introduced a bill to grant lands in New Mexico, Kansas and Missouri, for railroads therein.

Mr. Bernhisel, Utah delegate, offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of refunding to Utah the expenses incurred by said territory in suppressing Indian hostilities in 1853. Also, instructing the same Committee to inquire into the expediency of constructing a military road from Bridger's Pass to Salt Lake city.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of constructing a wagon road from Fort Arbuckle to Seattle, Puget's Sound, territory of Washington, and for the survey of the Upper Missouri and Columbia rivers, for military purposes. Adjourned till Thursday.

On the 9th, the Speaker announced the committees. We give the most important:

On Ways and Means.—Messrs. Phelps, of Missouri, Phillips, Letcher, Davis, of Md., Kelly, Howard, Dowdell, McClay and Morrill.

On Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. Hopkins, Burlingame, Clay, Ritchie, Barksdale, Sickles, Royce, Groesbeck and Branch.

On the Territories.—Messrs. Stephens, of Ga., Smith, of Va., Grow, Branch, Vallandigham, Hughes, Zollicoffer, Knapp and Clark, of Mo.

On Public Lands.—Messrs. Cobb, McQueen, Bennett, Davis, of Indiana, Garnett, Ruffin, Hill, Montgomery, McKibbin.

Mr. Morris, of Ill., gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill providing for the election of Governors and Judges by the people of the organized Territories. Also, a bill to admit sugar and salt free of duty, and a bill to amend the naturalization laws.

The report of the Judiciary Committee in the case of Judge Watrous, of Texas, was taken up. After remarks from several members, the House refused to postpone, and proceeded to the consideration of the subject.

Mr. Chapman, of Penna., referred to the fact that two memorials had been sent to the House, asking for the impeachment of Judge Watrous, of Texas, and proceeded to review the facts and testimony in the case, involving charges that he was secretly engaged in land speculations, showing a degree of official misconduct which admits of no excuse, and a gross exercise of his judicial powers. Not only did he arrange to sit in cases covering his own private interests, but to remove others to New Orleans, to be placed beyond the reach of Texas jurors and litigants. Mr. Chapman believed that the confidence in Judge Watrous's administration of justice had been shaken to the foundation, and he owed it to himself and the purity of the judiciary to ask no longer to avoid a trial, which he should either demand or resign. The duty of the House was simply to ascertain whether there is "probable cause." It was not for the House to inquire whether he was innocent or guilty—that was for the Senate to determine.

Mr. Tappan, of N. H., was opposed to the impeachment of Judge Watrous. He asked the House to examine the evidence and not to be diverted from the proper line of proceedings by outside pressure. On this evidence alone he wanted them to say whether Judge Watrous was innocent or guilty. The resolutions of the Legislature of Texas, in condemnation of his conduct, grew out of a decision touching the statute of limitations and affecting the pockets of the people of that State, which decision was sustained by the Supreme Court of the U. S. He said there was no evidence to show that Judge Watrous contemplated sitting as a judge in his own cause, and that in the purchase of land he lost some of his rights as a citizen of Texas. Judge Watrous has done nothing to prevent him from coming from this ordeal without even the smell of fire on his garments. Instead of concealing the evidence, it showed that Judge Watrous promptly disclosed that he had an interest in certain cases, in connection with which improper charges have been brought against him. Mr. Tappan entered upon a general defence of Judge Watrous, relying upon the printed evidence for this purpose.

Without disposing of the subject, the House adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, asked leave to introduce a resolution to admit Lieut. Mowry to the floor of the House as delegate from Arizona.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, objected, saying that Arizona was a part of the territory of New Mexico, and he could see no use of admitting two Delegates from one territory.

The House then resumed the consideration of the Judge Watrous impeachment; and after speeches by Messrs. Billinghurt, Ready and Davis, adjourned.

On the 11th, Messrs Stewart, Reagan and Clark discussed the Watrous impeachment case.

A COMICAL SCENE WITH AN AFRICAN LADY.—Various amusing anecdotes are related of the recaptured Africans during their brief sojourn in the port of Charleston. The following is said to have been a most comical scene:

Among the Echo's living cargo, every one of whom, be it remembered, were in the condition in which they entered the world, and under no obligation to the tailor or mantua-maker's art, was a woman who was distinguished from the rest by her evident natural brightness and superior looks. Moreover, she was dressed—not, probably, after the fashion of our Broadway belles—but dressed different to her companions nevertheless; and, like all true women in such a condition, she felt and evinced her superiority. She actually had on *a pair of gloves*, which she wore at all hours, with evident pride in her costume, and felt that she was in "full toga." She was called *par excellence*, "the Queen;" and her story getting abroad at Charleston, some ladies requested and obtained permission for her to visit them. A loose dress was accordingly furnished her, to cover her other deficiencies of the article of clothing, and she was landed from one of the boats and conveyed to the house of a prominent resident in Charleston. There the servant was ordered to dress the Queen in hoops broad enough for a dame of upper tendom, and a flaunting, gay dress. She was much astonished and pleased with the dress, but more with the hoops, which she would endeavor to catch, as she turned round and round, uttering outlandish cries.—She also exhibited some inclination constantly to examine more closely into the material beneath her outer dress, but as gentlemen were present, she was prudently prevented from gratifying this natural curiosity. After spending some hours ashore, she was conveyed to the beach by a number of her entertainers.

The boat could not reach high-water mark, and lay some little distance out in the water.—The Queen shook hands all round with her friends, and then, going to the water's edge, surveyed the boat for an instant, and after waving a last adieu, suddenly hoisted dress, hoops, under clothes, and all, like a huge sunbonnet, over her head, and quietly waded out to the boat. This reversal of the purposes of clothing startled the spectators, and there was a most sudden and laughable rush from the beach.

A TRAGEDY—SAD EFFECTS OF PASSION.—Some twelve or fourteen years ago, Harlow Case was a respectable and esteemed citizen of Buffalo. He held the place of Assistant Postmaster under Mr. Dorsheimer, and was for many years intrusted with the most important duties of the office. A member of one of the Baptist Churches, upright in every walk of life, married and the father of a family, he seemed to be as firm in the straightforward paths of virtue as any other. Removing to Sandusky, Ohio, he received the appointment of Collector of the Port under Mr. Fillmore. The appointment was one universally approved, and the numerous friends of Case, in this city, were rejoiced at his success in life. While holding that office, he was intimate in the family of a Mr. F., one of his assistants. Mrs. F. was young, beautiful, impassioned, and a fatal attachment grew up between the two, which remained unsuspected until the truth was made known by the sudden elopement of Case with Mrs. F., and the simultaneous discovery that he had absconded with government funds to the amount of some $44,000. From that time forward nearly all traces of the guilty party was lost. The family of Case, bereaved and betrayed, remained hopeless in their grief. Mr. F. engaged in a long, but fruitless chase of the fugitives. And now, from off the sea come tidings, a broken, half told story of lonely wanderings in foreign lands; a full recital of a never failing remorse, with pitiful and solitary deaths in far away islands and on the far away waters of the Indian Ocean. Both victims of unhallowed passion are asleep—the mother in the groves of Ceylon, the little child in the coral forests of the sea. The betrayer still wanders the earth, the heavy hand of an avenging God upon him, and sends to his abandoned home this message of sorrow.—*Buffalo Com. Adv., Dec. 3d.*

THE NICARAGUAN EMIGRANTS.—*Mobile, Dec. 8.*—The schooner Susan, Harry Marcy, master, sailed on Sunday, (with a hundred and forty passengers, and well supplied with provisions,) without a clearance, on a coasting voyage. She was overhauled before reaching Mobile Point, by an armed boat, commanded by Capt. Morrison and Lieut. White, of the cutter McLelland, and stopped. The passengers on the schooner were greatly enraged at this interference, and threatened the cutter men, not allowing them to come on board. The Government officers are awaiting instructions from the Treasury Department. Great indignation also exists among the filibusters and their friends in the city, and Mr. Wilson, of Ohio, who is suspected by them of being a Government spy, has left town, in consequence of a disposition being manifested to tar and feather him. Lieut. White remained in the Susan as a "visitor."

MOBILE, Dec. 9.—The Susan, with the 140 "emigrants" for Nicaragua, well provided with provisions and munitions of war, succeeded in escaping on Tuesday afternoon, in consequence of the Revenue Cutter McLelland, sent in pursuit, having got aground in Navy Cove. She is now about four hundred miles distant on her voyage to Nicaragua.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—It is said that the Nicaragua filibusters have their rendezvous somewhere in the Florida Keys. There is little, if any doubt, that the steamer Fashion, which left Mobile on the 1st of December, professedly for Texas, carried out a large number of men, together with ammunition. Our government is not kept fully advised of their plans and movements.

M. VON HUMBOLDT, it seems, is pestered by a Boswell. A Berlin letter to the Boston Journal says: "A German literateur, of much dull learning and duller industry, has taken upon himself to be Humboldt's biographer, without having any special qualification for the task. He has attached himself, burr-like, to Humboldt, and will not be shaken off. Every word from the old man's lips, every letter he writes, is eagerly caught up and chronicled, or filed away by the German Boswell."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been dull during the past week, but with a moderate stock and a further falling off in the receipts, prices have been steadily maintained. The export demand, however, has been quite limited, and only 5000 bbls have been disposed of at $5,12½@5,25 ₱ bbl for superfine; $5,37½@5,62½ for extras; $5,87½@6,25 for extra family, and $7 for fancy lots, including 500 half bbls at $5,50; 200 bbls "Jenny Lind" at $6,25, and 2000 bbls Western extra on terms not made public. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been but little inquired after; 100 bbls of the former sold at $4, and 400 bbls of the latter at $3,25 ₱ bbl for Penna.

GRAIN—There has been a steady demand for milling at last week's quotations, but supplies have come forward very slowly. Sales of 18,000 bush at $1,25@1,28 ₱ bush for fair and prime red; $1,12@1,23 for inferior, and $1,30 up to 1,45 ₱ bush for ordinary and choice Penna and Kentucky white. Rye has been in demand, and is taken on arrival for distilling at 80c. Barley is very dull; sales of 600 bush New York at 86c, and 500 bush Penna at 70c. Corn was dull early in the week, and prices fell off 10@15c ₱ bush, but at the close there was a better demand, and part of this decline was recovered. Oats have been in good request, 10,000 bush sold at 45@45½c for Delaware, and 46@47c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of all descriptions from the West have been trifling, and the stock here is now smaller than it has been at this period for many seasons past. The demand for Pork has increased, and 500 barrels were sold at $1,25 for Mess, and $15,50@16 ₱ bbl for Prime. City packed Mess Beef sells as wanted at $15@15,50. 300 bbls Beef Rounds sold at $15@16—on time. Dead Hogs are selling at $6@6,50, cash. Bacon is. There has been but little inquiry, either for the South or for the supply of the city trade; but the market is nearly bare of stock. Sale of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 10@12c. Sides at 9½@9½c, and Shoulders at 7½@7¾c. Of Bulk Meats—There is little or no stock here to operate in, and prices of Sides and Soulders are entirely nominal. About 100 casks pickled Hams sold at 9½c. Lard—There is very little stock here, but the demand is limited. Sales of barrels at 11@11½c, and 300 kegs at 12c ₱ lb, cash.

COTTON—There was a good feeling in the market early in the week, but at the close the demand fell off and there was more disposition to realize. Sales of 850 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½@12½c ₱ lb for low middling and middling fair quality, including some samples at 11¾c.

BARK has been exceedingly dull, and No 1 Quercitron is nominal at $30 ₱ ton for first quality No 1. Chestnut Oak Bark continues to sell on arrival at $10@10,50 ₱ cord. There is no Spanish Bark coming forward.

COAL—There is a good demand for the supply of Eastern markets and prices are firmer. The absence of suitable vessels, however, has tended to restrict shipments from Richmond. The receipts by canal are falling off, as most of the boats are now tied up for the season. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand and prices are firm. Sales of 5000 bags Rio at 10½@11¾c, including some inferior, to arrive from another market, at 9@9½c, and 900 bags Laguayra at 11¼c ₱ lb, on time. An invoice of St. Domingo was sold at the close of last week at a price not made public.

FEATHERS continues dull; sales of 4000 pounds Western at 50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit has been in better demand. Dried Apples command 7¼@7½c ₱ lb. Unpared Peaches are selling at 9@12c. Cranberries range from $8 to $15 ₱ bbl, according to quality.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb, $2@$2,50; Rocky Mountain, do. $3@$3,50; Muskrat, do, 18@25c; Nutria, do, 35@50c; Raccoon, do, 38@50 cents.

HEMP has been quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES are in demand, but there is no stock of foreign left in first hands. An invoice of 2154 African and one of 1833 Pernambuco sold on terms kept private. City Slaughter are selling freely at last week's quotations.

HOPS are firmer and in better request.—Sales of new sort Eastern and Western at 13@15c, and old at 7@10c, according to quality.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues quite firm, but the demand for it has somewhat fallen off. Sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $23@23; No. 2 at $20, and No. 3 at $19 ₱ ton, cash. Scotch Pig is held firmly at the recent advance, but without sales. A small sale of Charcoal Blooms at $62,50 ₱ ton, on time. There is a fair inquiry for both Bar and Boiler Iron, and the rolling mills generally are well supplied with orders.

LEAD—The stock is light and prices firm, but no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—The market is poorly supplied with prime Leather, and it has advanced 1@2c ₱ lb.

LUMBER—Yellow Pine Sap Boards are excessively dull at $13@15 ₱ M feet. A cargo of Eastport Laths sold at $1,40 ₱ M, which is an advance; Flooring Boards and Hemlock Raft Lumber are dull.

MOLASSES—The market continues extremely quiet. There have been no further arrivals or sales of Cuba. About 300 bbls New Orleans sold at 36@37c, on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Clovereed continue liberal, but the demand for it is unabated. About 3000 bush sold at $5,50@5,75 ₱ 64 lbs for fair and prime quality, and $5,25 for inferior. Timothy sells in a small way at $2, and Flaxseed at $1,60@2 ₱ bush. There is no Calcutta Linseed here, except that in the hands of the crushers, and the article is advancing.

SUGAR—The market is extremely quiet, but prices are firm. Sales of 150 hhds Porto Rico at 6½c; 200 hhds New Orleans at 7¼@8¼c, and small lots Cuba at 8¼@8¾c ₱ lb, on time.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin have been limited at previous quotations. Domestic Spirits are held very firmly. Whiskey—Prices continue very firm. Sales of bbls at 25½@26c for Ohio; 25c for Penna; 24c for hhds, and 23½@24c for drudge.

WOOL—There is a fair inquiry for the medium grades, of which the stock is now very much reduced, and for which prices are gradually stiffening up, until they are now 1@2c higher than a few weeks since. Sales of 200,000 lbs, ranging from 30½ to 35c ₱ lb, cash, for No 1 pulled and fine.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 737 and 739 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	20 a10
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Hump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	25 a30
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	9 a 9
Plates and navel corned	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	7
Leg, each	31½a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	50	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	75	Feet, ₱ set	12½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	14 a16
		Bologna sausages	15 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	6 a 7
Sweet

THE SUNDAY LAW IN CINCINNATI.—A few days ago some of the citizens of Cincinnati made a movement to stop the omnibuses from running on Sunday, and the Mayor complied with their wishes by fining the proprietors of the coaches for a violation of the Sunday law. The proprietors appealed to the Courts in vindication of their rights, and the Court has decided against the Mayor. The Court rested its decision upon the ground that the omnibus was a public conveyance, and its work a public necessity. The statute prohibiting common labor on the Sabbath, the Court said, could not stand for a moment, as the law of the State, if its sole foundation was the Christian duty of observing that day holy, and its sole motive to enforce the observance of that day. It is to be regarded as a mere municipal or police regulation, whose validity is neither strengthened or weakened by the fact that the day of rest it enjoins is the Sabbath day. The Court in its judgment said:

"What difference is there, morally, between the rich man who owns his private conveyance and employs a man to drive him to church, and the poor man who cannot afford that luxury, but is able to pay five cents for the privilege of riding to church in an omnibus? Or what difference is there between the *five cents* paid to the omnibus driver for carrying him to church, and the five cents he puts into the sack bag to pay *the expenses of the church?* If there is any, we have not been able to perceive it. If we were to hold to any other doctrine, we should be saying that the Legislature intended that the rich man was able to go [illegible] his own conveyance could go on the sabbath day, but the poor man must stay at home. Will any one say that the pure and enlightened teachings of our Saviour countenance to the favoring of the rich [illegible] easing of the poor in that way?

[illegible] difference is there in the noise made [illegible], in front of a church, between the [illegible] the minister in it, going to church [illegible] couple in the holy bands of matri[illegible] the quiet, industrious operative, [illegible]ly, taking a cheap ride to church, [illegible]untry for innocent recreation and [illegible]

[illegible]thorities of the State or of the city have a right to obstruct the streets or public highways on Sunday, so as to prevent the free locomotion of her citizens; nor have they the right to arrest and institute an inquiry into the motives and purposes of the traveller in the omnibus or any other vehicle. Such a proceeding would be odious and unlawful in the extreme.

"Let it not be said that in Ohio, where our Constitution provides that all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and that no person shall be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or maintain any form of worship against his consent, and that no preference shall be given by law to any religious society, 'that our zeal in the cause of religion and morals has outrun our knowledge and understanding,' nor that by judicial legislation we have erected new laws, which never had an existence in the statutes of the State nor in the habits and customs of our people. Let us not give countenance to a principle of construction which tends to favor the rich and oppress the poor man.

"Believing, as we do, that the work at which the defendant was engaged on the 14th instant, was a work of 'necessity, which has grown out of the particular calling' of the defendant, he will therefore be discharged."

HOW SPIRITS GET THEIR CREATURE COMFORTS.—The spiritual intercourse is certainly enlarging. A spirit not long since waited on Judge Edmonds and wanted to take a drink through an earthly medium. The Pawtucket Gazette relates the following incident of spiritual communication which quite exceeds the Judge's story:

"An enthusiastic believer was relating to a [illegible] the spiritual performances to which he [illegible] testify, and among other things said, that [illegible] a certain occasion the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and seating herself upon his knee, put her arm around him, and kissed him as much to his gratification as she used to when living. 'You do not mean to say,' remarked the skeptic, 'that the spirit of your wife really embraced and kissed you?' 'No, not exactly that,' replied the believer, 'but her spirit took possession of the body of a female medium, and through her embraced and kissed me.'"

A CARGO OF SLAVES LANDED IN GEORGIA.—SAVANNAH, Dec. 11.—The Republican, of this morning, learns upon good authority, that the schooner Wanderer had succeeded in evading the vigilance of the cruisers, and landed a cargo of slaves in the neighborhood of Saint Andrews Sound, near Brunswick. A portion of the cargo was subsequently sent up the Satilla River, on board of a steamer.

A BILL has been prepared by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, providing for the admission of Oregon as a state, into the Union. Mr. Stephens will report his bill at an early day.

☞ Heroism is the divine relation which, in all times, unites a great man to other men. —*Carlyle.*

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 11, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Crawford 10 dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	ALABAMA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.	MISSISSIPPI.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
MARYLAND.	LOUISIANA.
Baltimore ¼ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis	OHIO
NEW YORK.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY
MAINE.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	INDIANA.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	State bank ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	ILLINOIS.
VERMONT.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MISSOURI
CONNECTICUT.	Solv bks ¾ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TENNESSEE.
MASSACHUSETTS.	Old banks 2 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MICHIGAN.
RHODE ISLAND.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	WISCONSIN.
VIRGINIA.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis	TEXAS.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
Solv bks ¼ to 1½ dis	CANADA.
NORTH CAROLINA.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ to 1½ dis	

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

Dec. 13.—The supply of Beef Cattle has been quite large for the past week. Prices ranged from $7 to 10. Sheep were sold at from $3,00 to 4,50 each, according to quality and condition. Cows ranged from $20 to 40 for dry and middling.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 10.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; sales of 7500 bbls. Wheat dull; sales of 6000 bush at $1,25 for white. Corn is dull; sales of 15,000 bush at 82c for old white. Pork is heavy at $17,85 for old Mess, and $18,50 for new do. Lard is heavy. Whiskey dull at 25½c.

COTTON—We quote as follows

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10¾	10¾	10¾	10¾
Middling	12	12	12¼	12¼
Md'ling fair	12¼	12¼	13	13

A REAL LUXURY.—A private letter, says the Rural Southerner, received from one of a party of Santa Fe traders, thus mentions a valuable Virginia invention:—"Amid all our hardships we enjoy one real luxury, and that is delicious coffee. Our commissariat supplied himself in St. Louis with a coffee pot that he calls the 'Old Dominion;' it is constructed upon some new principle, into the mysteries of which I have never penetrated, and in it he concocts the most delightful beverage that I have never tasted."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERBEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAYFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. VEASE & CO., 29 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNAILY & CO., 76 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOUDINET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

HAVE YOU A COLD? THEN USE JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

BAYFIELD, C. W., Sept. 9th, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir:

Having lately been attacked with a severe [illegible] in conjunction with the usual remedies of blisters, &c., and found it effectual to a surprising degree in relieving my Lungs from a load of corrupt matter, I raised as much as a quart in two days. I have been improving in health ever since. I also experienced great relief from the use of your Liniment when my throat was so much inflamed, that I could swallow no food. In two days after applying it I could swallow quite freely.

ANDREW GOWANLOCK.

These medicines are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and are for sale by their agents throughout the country. dec1-2t

COMPLEXION.

It is an impossibility for any person afflicted with a diseased liver, or with any disorder of the digestive organs, to have a good or clear complexion. "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS" will remove all disease from the liver and digestive organs, and, by thus giving health and strength to those organs, remove that sallowness of appearance and roughness of the skin noticed in so many. These Bitters are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson & Co., 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

JOHN C. MEAD & SONS, corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, have just completed a great improvement in Tea and Coffee Sets, whereby they can be placed on stoves and fires to boil tea and coffee. They are of their own *manufacture*, richly chased, and warranted of the finest quality. J. C. M. & Sons have also on hand *most superior* Waiters, Castors, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Goblets, Communion Sets, &c., and every article in Silver Plated Ware *warranted* of the best quality.

THE POWER OF MEDICINE OVER DISEASE.—We know of no better illustration of this fact than the wonderful effects of the Oxygenated Bitters, in eradicating from the system Dyspepsia, and all functional diseases of the stomach, and restoring impaired digestion.

WE HEAR but one report from all who use PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, and that is, that its wonderful power in relieving the most severe pain has never been equalled. It will seldom fail if applied according to directions. Sold by druggists.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. ar11-18t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Kensington, Philada., Oct. 28, 1858, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM H. WALL, to Miss PRISCILLA L. WILLS. Papers of Bridgeton, N. J., and St. Louis, Mo., please copy.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. RICHARD G. COOK, to MISS MARY ANN MURRAY, both of Chester county.

On the 8th instant, by the same, Mr. ALEXANDER GRANT, of Ontario county, N. Y. to Miss CATHARINE STOCKDALE, of Lambertville, N. J.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Cailhopper, Mr. JOSHUA F. STONE, to Miss ELIZABETH W. MARSHALL, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. S. A. Durborow, Mr. CHARLES E. HOWITE, to Miss HANNAH H. McMULLEN, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. NATHANIEL BAYLES, to Miss MARIA NORTHEY.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. E. T. Kenney, Mr. HENRY LAUER, to Miss CORNELIA B. ROBINSON, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. CHRISTOPHER SHEPPARD, to Miss CATHARINE HILL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, CECELIA CAREY, in her 18th year.

On the 6th instant, Mr. WILLIAM ECCLES, aged 92 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. WILHELMINA F. SCANLAN, aged 24 years.

On the 6th instant, HANNAH S. wife of Nathan Rowland.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARY S. MCCULLY.

On the 6th instant, Miss CAROLINE A. JACKSON, of Chester county.

On the 7th instant, CATHARINE TOWNSEND, aged 26 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. CORNELIUS DEWEES, Sr. aged 64 years.

On the 3d instant, Dr. JOHN F. LOUNSBERRY, aged 37 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Isaac Burroughs, aged 48 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. SARAH EMILY, wife of Thos J. Armitage.

On the 5th instant, Miss MARY MORRIS, aged 26 years.

On the 3d instant, EMILY C. wife of Wm. H. Bick, aged 24 years.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, dec4-13t 181 William Street, New York.

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SAVING FUND—*NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, Walnut Street, South-West corner of Third, Philadelphia.* All Investments in First Class Securities. Interest, FIVE PER CENT. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. ar18-26t

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct. 1856		
" " '62	109	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	113½	—
" " coupon '74	104½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	99¾
" " new	103	103½
" "	91¾	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	70	71
" " coupon	—	65
Allegh City 6 pr ct	69	—
" County "	64	—
" R R issue	50	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	101	—
" " coupon	97½	97¾
" "	93½	93¾
Tenn 6 pr ct	94½	—
" " coupon	92	92½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	95½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	104½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	144½	—
Phil'adelphia	132½	133
Far & Mec	99	99½
Commercial	80½	81
N Liberty	83	—
Mechanics	28	30½
SouthWark	97	—
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	65	—
Girard	11¾	12
Western	98	—
Man & Mech	26½	27
Commerce	65	70
Tradesman's	52½	—
City	44½	46
Consolidation	25	26
Commonwealth	21¼	22
Corn Exchange	23	24
Germantown	58	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	54	—
Exchange "	50	—
Northern "	118	118
Louisville "	100	100½
Farmers "	122½	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	98	99½
Planters "	105½	106
N O Gas Light	128½	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	33½	—
Lehigh Zinc	7	7½
New Creek	1	1
New Grenada	1	1
N American Ins'nce	14	16
N Liberties Gas	28	30
Southwark & Frankford R R	96	97
Bonds	94	100
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	103	103
2nd "	92½	93
" stock		
Interest off	42½	43
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	95	97
" stock	116	117
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	84½	85
mort 6's '44	92	93
" " '66	74½	75
" stock	25½	26
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	97½	98
" stock	41½	44
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	86	86½
6 pr ct loan '60	102	102½
Ches Val R R 7s	90	—
Tioga R R 7s	—	89
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	73	75
2d "	52	—
stock	150	160
Catawissa	61	63
Beaver Meadow stock	89	90½
Preferred 10 pr ct	60	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	9
6 pr ct loan	62½	63
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	37	37½
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	81½	82
Har and Lan R R stock	36½	40
bonds '65	97	—
L. Schuylkil R R stock	26	26½
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	85	85½
Erie R R stock	17½	18½
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central "	94½	94¾
Michigan Central	52½	—
Illinois "	76½	—
Michigan Southern	39½	41½
STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Bost'n Nav 5 pr ct loan '52	73	73½
imp. 6 pr ct	74	74
stock	34	39
preferred	17½	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	50½	—
mort 6 pr ct	—	101
scrip "	29	30
Morris Conse'd	49½	50
preferred	103	106½
Ches & Del	40	40
bonds	77½	78
Union "	2	—
bonds	35	36
Sus & Tidewater	24	3
bonds 1878	37½	38

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Our Magazine will continue under the same editorial supervision as before, and its pages continue to be largely supplied from the editor's pen. Other writers of ability will aid in the task of producing a periodical which is designed to meet a want that no [illegible] work has attempted so broadly to supply. Besides the Literary Department, there will be, as heretofore, in each number—a Mother's Department; a Health Department; a Boys' and Girls' Treasury; the Toilette and Work-Table; Hints for Housekeepers; and an Editorial Department.

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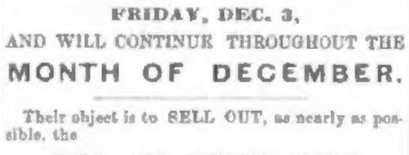

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Wit and Humor.

THE WRONG FOOT FOREMOST.

"Why didn't you awaken me at seven o'clock, Mrs. Sweet? Here it is fifteen minutes past, and I desired *particularly* to be early this morning. I've more business to-day than I can attend to. You thought you wouldn't disturb me, because I said in the night that I had a headache! Well, I don't know that headaches are expected to prevent paper from maturing, nor banks from closing at three o'clock. There goes that button! Are my buttons never to be sewed on so that they will last through more than one washing? This shirt is horribly ironed. Tell Bridget if she doesn't do my bosoms better, you must look out for another girl. Anything but such linen as this on a gentleman! I do not want that black suit this morning. Cannot you see that it's going to rain? You don't think it will! There never was a woman yet with clear enough reasoning faculties to be a good judge of the weather. Give me my gray clothes, and be quick about it. John hasn't half blacked these boots. I'll ring him up and make him do them over. What's that? If it's going to rain, you don't see what difference it will make. I do not know that it is any reason why a gentleman should not have his boots polished, because there is a possibility of its raining. Supposing it should clear off, how do you think I would look then!

"Isn't breakfast on the table yet? Waiting for me twenty minutes, has it? Humph! a palatable meal it will be, I am sure. What's that I smell? If you do not wish to spoil every morsel of appetite that I have left, don't tell me that it's hot buckwheat cakes!—a dish only fit for a well man; and my stomach is horribly out of order. No, you needn't order any dry toast; I'll eat these, seeing they're here, and of course I'll have the headache all day to pay for it. Jamie, be quiet, sir! you can't have any more butter—it's not good for little boys. Here, Kitty, take this little tiger from the table. I'll have no screaming here. Mrs. Sweet, if you strove, as you ought to, to make his home pleasant to your husband, he would not be disturbed in this manner, at what ought to be one of the pleasantest periods of the day.

"What's that, my little dear? Bring you the big wax doll I promised you. No, not to-day. Little girls mustn't be so extravagant. Your old doll is plenty good enough, and papa doesn't feel rich this morning. Be thankful you've got bread and-butter, and do not think about new dolls.

"What would I like for dinner? I do not know that I can say so long beforehand. If I feel no more appetite than I do now, I shall not want much. I've forced down eleven of these cakes, because there was nothing more suitable upon the table. If I've a return of my dyspeptic attack, I shall know who to blame for it. I might send round one of those little roasting-pigs we saw last evening, if I was sure it would come to the table *well* stuffed with plenty of currant-jelly and maccaroni, with cheese.

"You thought of going down town to-day, but will put it off if I am not prepared! A round about way of asking for money, I suppose. There's my purse; just take what there is—only, pray, leave me sixpence to pay the omnibus. I'm just as well prepared now as I shall be for a month—and as for asking a woman to wait a month, when she's made up her mind to go shopping, a man had better ask the earth to stand still. The mania for shopping is the curse of domestic life. A woman must buy every pretty thing she sees, whether she needs it or not. And with all their extravagance, I never yet saw one of the sex who looked really comfortable and genteel. Their skirts are too long or too short; their sleeves are too wide or too narrow; their bonnets poke out like a charcoal-wagon, or hang on their backs like a lost flower-basket; they are as lank as a fence-rail, or as puffy as a balloon; their waists are squeezed into their hips, or hunched under the arm pits: they are bedizened, befrilled, beflirtlowed, bepuffed, until men are ashamed of them in the saloon, laugh at them in the streets, and dread them in the cars and stages; they try to see which can be silliest, which can attract the—Mercy on us, Mrs. Sweet, do you see that child? Fairly crawling on to the table, and the cream-cup upset on the carpet!—they cannot even give due attention to their own off— You thought I was in a hurry this morning? Well, supposing I am, am I to be driven off with my breakfast half eaten? Don't be in such a hurry to get rid of your beloved—don't! I suppose it's not pleasant to hear too much truth.

"There's that bran-new silk umbrella gone, that I bought only the last storm, and nothing to be found of it! And now, *of course*, it will rain—it always does when a person has no umbrella! Say, wife, if Jones should call here to-day for that subscription I promised him, tell him I've made up my mind not to give anything. I don't believe in societies—they're humbugs from beginning to end! And do try and look a little more amiable upon my return. You look as if you were just going to say something sharp; and, of all things, preserve me from a fretful wife! This fretting—fretting—fretting, all the time, is enough to drive a man mad. Well, good morning, my love. Of course it won't rain, now I've got my old clothes on!"

CATCHING A LAWYER.—An advocate of a provincial town in France was recently waited on by a sausage dealer, who said:

"Sir, I want to consult you. If a dog devours sausages placed in my window, can I make his owner pay the damage?"

"Certainly."

"In that case, please to pay me twelve francs, for your dog has just eaten sausages of mine to that extent."

The advocate paid the money. An hour after, the advocate's clerk called on the sausage dealer, and claimed twelve francs fifty centimes for "a consultation fee about sausages;" and the tradesman, to his intense mortification, had to hand over the sum claimed.

☞ THE EXPERIENCE OF LIFE.—What a fool I've been.

HOW TO ADJOURN.

Some years ago, when the late Gov. Baker, of N. H., was Speaker of the House of that State, it became necessary that an adjournment should take place in the afternoon in order that the honorable speaker and a fellow piscator, at that time reporter for the Patriot, should get off on a fishing excursion. Business was pressing in the House, but so was the desire of the Speaker to get to the brook without delay. Sundry parties among the members were asked to move an adjournment: but no reasonable cause appearing to their minds to justify that step, they severally declined. The late Hon. Ichabod Bartlett, of Portsmouth, was then a member of the legislature, and, although among the opposition, was made Chairman on the Judiciary—such was the deep respect paid to his ability and integrity by his fellow legislators through their popular Speaker. Mr. Bartlett's word was almost an oracle in everything—for in nothing he said or did could the slightest indication of partizanship be detected, for there was none in reality. Knowing this fact, and the weight of any proposition Mr. Bartlett might make on the minds of the members, Speaker Baker, in his despair, arose, and said, (speaking as quickly as he could) to the House:

"Gentlemen: it is moved by the gentleman from Portsmouth, Mr. Bartlett, and seconded, that the House do now adjourn; as many as are in favor of the motion will say aye; those opposed no; the ayes have it, and the House stands adjourned until Tuesday morning at ten o'clock."

Before the members could perfectly understand that they had been adjourned, the Speaker was out of the chair, and was making his way towards the door. Mr. Bartlett had risen to repudiate the motion, and had got as far as "Mr. Speaker!" when that gentleman got fairly outside the hall, but looked back for a moment to see the fun.

"The House ain't adjourned, is it?" queried a member of Baker.

"Assuredly," said the Speaker, "on motion of Mr. Bartlett."

"I *assuredly* made no such motion, Mr. Baker," was Mr. Bartlett's assertion.

"That is doubtless the fact," responded Baker, "*but you ought to have done it*, half an hour ago, out of respect to the pressing requirement of the '*honorable* Speaker,' who, if good trotting can do it, will be wetting his line in Suncook River in half an hour hence."

Mr. Bartlett saw further remonstrance was useless; and with a look which said as plainly as speech: "I give you up as being one of the most incorrigible wags I ever met with"—he put on his hat and followed the retreating wisdom of the State. So that was the way in which Speaker Baker procured an adjournment. —*Boston Ledger.*

THE REASON.—A very excitable gentleman sat near a very phlegmatic one, at one of the concerts of the famous Clara Schumann in Leipsic. Excitable gentleman becomes almost beside himself in his rapture, and is "fidgeted" to the extremity of endurance by the phlegmatic individual, who hears Clara S. play piece after piece cold as an icicle.

Ex. Gent.—(Who after a splendid performance of a piece by Chopin, can endure it no longer.) I say, sir, do you not like her playing?

Phleg. Ind.—Why, yes, I like it very well.

Ex. Gent.—Why the d——, then, sir, don't you applaud?

Phleg. Ind.—I—? Applaud? Oh, I am her husband.

WOODEN'S BITE SOME BAIT.—Our friend Jones has been doing homage to a pair of bright eyes, and talking tender things by moonlight, lately. A few evenings since, Jones resolved to "make his destiny secure." Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair dulcines, and made his passion known. Much to his surprise, she refused him out flat. Jumping to his feet, he informed her in no choice terms that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain, when she coolly replied: "Yes, but *they don't bite at toads!*" Jones has learned a lesson.

HOW TO PUNCH A MAN.—"Judge, you say if I punch a man in fun, he can take me up for assault and battery?"

"Yes, sir, I said that, and what I say I repeat. If you punch a man you are guilty of a breach of the peace, and can be arrested for it."

"Ain't there no exceptions?"

"No, sir, no exceptions whatever."

"Now, Judge, I guess you are mistaken—suppose, for instance, I should brandy punch him, what then?"

"No levity in court, sir; Sheriff, expose this man to the atmosphere. Call the next case."

IRON TOM.—A man who can endure to have his corns mashed without grumbling is undoubtedly possessed of a heavenly disposition. One of those true Christians being once at a political meeting, he said in a pleasant manner to a big burly fellow who was standing upon his toe—

"My dear sir, are you not a miller?"

"No, sir, why do you ask?"

"Why, sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one, too, because you have been grinding my corn this half hour without taking toll."

EVERYTHING IS A NAME.—A gentleman that loved everything that was foreign, and was extremely fond of hard names, dining at a friend's house, asked him what the name of the wine was, of which he had just drank a glass at table? His friend knowing that it was but indifferent, and recollecting that he had bought it at Stocks Market, told him, it was true Stocko Marketto; upon which he found it excellent, and gave it great encomiums.

☞ An Irishman lately arriving in London, and passing through Broad street, observed a glass globe, containing some fine large gold fish. He exclaimed:—"An' sure, this is the first time in my life that I have seen live red herrings."

☞ Dobbs says that when a painter can no longer earn his bread and cheese, he should throw away his palate.

"A JOB'S COMFORTER."

LEARER (*one who makes long morning calls, interrupting fellows at their work*).—"——Friend o' mine was at a pawnbroker's sale the other day, and says he saw that picture of yours, 'Housemaid and Warming Pan,' and a beautiful moire antique dress (in one lot, you know), knocked down for five dollars."

Agricultural.

HOW TO CONQUER VICIOUS COWS AND HORSES.

I care not how vicious or unmanageable the horse or cow may have become, I can conquer them by the application of a strong rope, or chain just back of the fore legs, and twisting in a good lever until they yield fully. Balky horses may be conquered in this manner, so as to need no whipping, and it is much more humane than clubbing them or cutting them up with torturing whips. And a horse once conquered in this manner, will not return to his tricks with the same driver as readily as when overcome by whipping or mauling.

Cows may be conquered in the same manner, and broken of the habit of kicking, very readily. One of my neighbors had a very vicious cow, last spring, which they had failed in milking after the most determined efforts to succeed. I happened to hear the fact one day, and told them how to manage her, when lo! no more trouble was experienced. In the course of the summer they have occasionally lain a chain across her back, when she has manifested any intention of returning to old habits.—Effectual as is this manner of overcoming vicious propensities, it is more humane than any other in which force is used.

This is also a very effectual manner of subduing horses ugly in shoeing. The smith can make the wildest mustang stand peaceably by using the chain and lever, and the lesson will not soon be unlearned. Lay aside, then, your clubs and whips for the purposes above named, and resort to the method herein described, and save yourself time, trouble, and vexation of spirit, nor reject it because it was not learned from your father or in some conversation, instead of from the pages of an agricultural journal.—JOHN SANFIELD, *Amboy, Ill., in Genesee Farmer.*

STORING POTATOES IN PEAT CHARCOAL.—The following statement furnishes a fact corroborative of the views of Mr. Malem, of Holmpton, Holderness, who first (?!) pointed out the value of antiseptic manures to potatoes. Mr. Samuel English, land steward to Mr. Stafford Gorman, Broom Mount, Moira, states: "I have tried for several years the effect of peat charcoal in preserving potatoes affected by the disease with the greatest success, and can testify that peat charcoal sprinkled among them instantly stops the rot, takes away the bad smell, and renders them sweet and wholesome food. I tried the experiment of keeping the potatoes which were diseased for two years in peat charcoal, and planted them the third, and they produced a good crop. In storing potatoes in general, it is most efficacious, as it preserves the sound potatoes from being infected by the tainted ones, some of which are unavoidably left among them. Nor is the peat charcoal lost, as I mix it with other manures when the potatoes are removed.—*E. C. Herald.*

SALT AND CHARCOAL FOR STOCK.—Farmers who raise stock should give them plenty of charcoal to eat, and freely of salt: both charcoal and salt improve cattle, and make them in good condition. Salt acts on the blood. Charcoal strengthens and heals the mucous membrane throughout the alimentary canal, and increases the power of the digestive organs, healing any unhealthy condition existing there. It prevents worms generating in the stomach, &c.; it absorbs the putrescent gases, by which worms are generated, and they consequently die. The use of salt and free use of charcoal will contribute to protect cattle from epidemics, and will counteract the effect of putrescent or septic water.—*Boston Cultivator.*

TURKIES.—Why should turkies sell so high when every farmer's wife might raise a yard full of them? Tobacco planters paid the past year seventy-five cents apiece for large flocks of less than half-grown turkies, and the 16th of November a man asked us on the street $4 for three young turkey gobblers.

If you have no stock of turkies, purchase them now, if you are on a tobacco plantation, and raise your own turkies—you will be able thus to supply your own wants cheaper, and benefit your city friends by giving them a better supply of the best bird living, any time after Thanksgiving Day.—*Amer. Farmer.*

CARTER POTATOES.

Those are my beautiful Carters;
Every one doomed to be martyrs
To the eccentric desire
Of Christian people to skin them,—
Brought to the trial of fire
For the good that is in them!
Ivory tubers—divide one!
Ivory all the way through!
Never a hollow inside one;
Never a core, black or blue!
Ah, you should taste them roasted!
(Chestnuts are not half so good)
And you would find that I've toasted
Less than I should.
They make the meal for Sunday noon;
And, if you ever eat one, I'm beg
You to manage it just as you do an egg.
Take a pat of butter, a silver spoon,
And wrap your napkin round the shell:
Have you seen a hummig-bird probe the bell
Of a white-lipped morning-glory?
Well, that's the rest o the story!

—*Bitter Sweet.*

WINTERING CALVES.—COSTIVENESS.—It is not difficult to winter a healthy calf. Good hay, shelter, water, and daily care is all that is necessary. But that care must be founded on considerable knowledge of the animal economy, if we would keep all the functions of the calf in correct and healthful action. During our rigorous winters, it is frequently thought necessary to give calves a small supply of grain, which usually has a tendency to bring on disease rather than prevent it. They are almost certain to become painfully costive in mid-winter, and then need some aperient drinks, or what is better, succulent food, like roots or fruit. Every calf in our northern climate should receive during the winter at least one carrot, turnip or beet per day, to keep its bowels in good order. If nothing else offers, give them potato and apple parings, cabbage leaves and the like—at all events give them a larger cash value in roots than grain, and note the result.

Any observing farmer has seen abundant evidence at this season in the droppings of his calves and their daily loss of flesh, that they were not in health. The means usually adopted to remedy these evils, too often but increases the cause, and though the animal may be wintered, it will be at much increased expense over the proper way. Were we to prescribe remedies for loss of flesh, the pest of lice in calves as well as costiveness, we should base every dose on roots—green food in some form. But costiveness, prevented or cured, the other evils are seldom known.

In summer and autumn also, costiveness should be guarded against. A change to fresher pastures, if possible, is one of the best remedies in the case. It should be remembered also that it is important to bring them in good order into their winter quarters, for an animal "well summered is half wintered."

Voluntary exercise is beneficial—we always consider it an omen of health and thrift to witness a playful habit in calves during the winter, and would provide in all cases a sheltered, well-littered yard, and allow them access thereto a portion of every day not excessively stormy.—*Country Gentleman.*

PROTECTING HALF-HARDY PLANTS.—The true way to protect half hardy plants is to straw up all that portion of them *exposed to the sun, and allowing the north side to remain completely open.* The destruction of not only half-hardy plants, but of trees—such as the Irish yew, magnolia, roses, vines, &c.,—is owing to atmospheric changes, caused by the warmth of the rays of the sun by day, and freezing by night. Uniformity of atmosphere, however severe, seldom injuriously affects plant-life. Strawing-up closely is much more destructive to plants than entire exposure. But if treated in the manner suggested above, by which means the rays of the sun are obstructed, while the pure air from the north has free access—it will be found to be the surest mode of preservation unimpaired.

We speak from our own experience; it was originally tried as an experiment: believing it to be founded upon correct principles.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ What a man most needs is a friend to *make* him do what he is *capable* of doing.—*Emerson.*

TOBACCO.

Lose no opportunity of stripping tobacco whenever it may be in order. It is greatly better to do this work now than to have it on hand in spring. Do not put it in large bulks when stripped, but in light bulks of two courses. Use the utmost care in overlooking the strippers, to see that it is properly assorted. See that the fine qualities of yellow and red are not intermixed with bruised and damaged leaves, and with that of inferior quality. Do not allow the sticks of tobacco to be thrown from the joists, but have them handed down, and the tobacco carefully taken off them. As the bundles are tied, do not permit them to be thrown into heaps, until evening, but let each bundle, before it leaves the hand of the stripper, be pressed into the shape it is desired it should keep, and laid carefully in parcels until you are ready to put it in the bulks. There is no waste of time in using this care the tobacco is better handled, and it begets the neatness which is essential to the proper handling of the crop. At night, when the stripped tobacco has been laid carefully in bulks have every waste leaf picked up, the tobacco sticks laid away on a lower joint of the house, and the stalks, not thrown out at the door, but heaped in a corner of the house, secure from weather till wanted for manure. A single washing with rain, will deprive them probably of half their value as manure. The stalks from twenty acres of tobacco are perhaps quite equal in value, as a manure, to a ton of the best Peruvian Guano, and about as liable to waste by exposure to rains.—*American Farmer.*

ROOTS FOR FEEDING HORSES.—Horses in livery stables, and all animals kept upon dry food the entire year, need a liberal feeding of roots to keep their digestive organs in healthful action. It is owing to the fact of their medicinal or aperient qualities, that we see such extravagant statements as are frequently made up after short trials—that a bushel of carrots are equal to a bushel of oats as food for a horse. The facts are, it is contrary to nature for horses to be kept month after month and year after year upon dry hay and grain without grass or roots. Every horse owner should remember this, and let a liberal supply of green food enter into the bill of fare for his horse, that its health may be kept up, nor himself suffer loss from neglecting this precaution. We never yet found a livery stable keeper that had tried them, who did not value carrots very highly. Let the reader who owns a horse use roots "as a medicine," if nothing more.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE SCIENCE OF GOING TO BED.—The earth is a magnet, with magnetic currents constantly playing around it. The human body is also a magnet, and when the body is placed in certain relations to the earth, these currents harmonize, when in any other position they conflict. When one position is to be maintained for some time, a position should be chosen in which the magnetic currents of the earth and the body will not conflict. This position, as indicated by theory, and known by experiment, is to lie with the head towards the north pole. Persons who sleep with their heads in the opposite direction, or lying crosswise, are liable to fall into various nervous disorders.—When they go back to the right position, these disorders, if not too deeply impressed upon the constitution, soon vanish. Sensitive persons are always more refreshed by sleep when their heads point due north. Architects, in planning houses, should bear this principle in mind.

ANECDOTE OF SAINT BERNARD.—Zwinger tells a curious story, in his Common-Place Book, and it is substantially to this effect:—Saint Bernard was seated reading beneath the image of the Virgin in the Church at Spires.—He happened to read aloud the words, "Oh, sweet, oh, gentle, oh, holy Mother Mary!" upon which the image graciously returned the salute, with a "Thanks, Bernard!" The latter, however, muttered to himself, "I marvel is this real, or cometh it of the devil?" And in his wisdom he took the safe and middle path, and looking at the figure of the Virgin, calmly observed: "You seem to be unaware that St. Paul has expressly said that women are not to be talkative in churches!"

A FACT FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.—Dr. Merryweather says (to the Staithes fishermen):—"A fish diet is a great humanizer of the tempers of mankind. Its consumption tends wonderfully to render them more kindly to one another: and consequently tames the passionate disposition to crime. As carnivorous animals are always the most fierce and violent, so human beings become, who have carnivorous stomachs. Could such stomachs have an occasional respite by the consumption of fish, the world would be all the better and happier for it. I speak as a medical man, and firmly assert that many maladies would be mitigated, and perhaps annihilated, by such a process."

THE CRAMMING SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—In a recent speech at Manchester, Judge Halliburton (Sam Slick) said that he once visited a school near Dublin, and asked one of the boys, from Mangnall's History, "Of what did Queen Anne die?" and the answer was, "She died of Cardinal Pole and the seven Bishops." On another occasion, while the children were reading about the Marriage Feast, he asked one of them, after they had closed their books, of what they had been reading. The reply was, "A miracle." "You mean a parable." "Oh, no," rejoined the boy, "marriage is a miracle." "Why?" "Because it is not in the power of man to perform."

LECTURES.—Prof. Thomas Haselbach, of Vienna, lectured publicly for *twenty-two* years on the first chapter of Isaiah, without ever having come to an end: his colleague and admirer, Aegidius Guthmann, divided his lectures on the first five verses of Genesis into twenty-four volumes. Crusius lectured eight years on the Psalms, without going through the first half.

☞ Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, were they in their places.—*Shenstone.*

LET thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend. —*Young.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 24, 12, 19, 17, 14, 8, 24, 19, 20, 15, was a queen of Pluto.
My 4, 20, 19, was a wife of Athamas.
My 18, 22, 8, 15, 17, was the mother of Procrypti.
My 23, 7, 13, 17, was the god of war.
My 13, 15, 5, 5, 19, 20, 2, was the sister of Mars.
My 16, 6, 7, 20, 2, was queen of the woods.
My 7, 24, 19, 5, 5, 19, was a brother of Diana.
My 18, 15, 8, 14, 17, was the goddess of rain at harvests.
My 4, 6, 6, 17, was the goddess of the rainbow.
My 1, 5, 19, 6, 2, was the goddess of flowers.
My 13, 2, 4, 7, was the mother of Mercury.
My 7, 5, 14, 18, 25, 19, was one of the Furies.
My 2, 20, 21, 4, 19, 24, 15, was a wife of Jupiter.
My 10, 11, 6, 7, 20, 21, 17, are condemned by all lovers of liberty.

My whole is a well-known adage

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 47 letters.

My 27, 40, 17, 38, 19, 29, 34, 27, 27, 2, is a city of the West.
My 29, 2, 18, 17, 12, is the goddess of Love and Beauty.
My 3, 4, 30, 13, 37, 44, 43, is a place ment.
My 1, 30, 16, 32, 45, 40, 11, 1, 12, king.
My 23, 5, 24, is a favorite southern
My 17, 16, 25, 39, 8, 20, is one of the
My 42, 36, 24, 27, 43, 6, is one of t plays.
My 7, 30, 16, 15, 6, 14, 22, 18, 45, one of the kings of Spain.
My 9, 30, 40, 44, 35, 43, 37, 42, 2, 31, 10, 34, 44, 15, was one of the kings of England.
My 21, 28, 27, 27, 34, 19, an American poet.
My 27, 26, 44, 30, is a musical instrument.
My 31, 36, 44, 26, 7, 41, 47, is what all men should be.
My 33, 46, 31, is a greasy substance.

My whole is an old saying. P. & M.
Louisville.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 5, 6, 11, 10, 16, 29, 19, 20, 12, 17, 21, 25, 3, is an Order of France conferred by the Emperor upon the brave.
My 11, 2, 3, 8, 6, 3, is an Order of England.
My 14, 15, 2, 21, 7, 10, 14, 18, 22, 23, 3, is a fowl.
My 27, 2, 26, 10, 22, 18, 23, 22, 1, 28, 4, 6, 3, was a great American statesmen.
My 9, 2, 24, 24, 10, 22, 3, is a kind of net for snaring birds.

My whole is an institution of learning in Connecticut. J. E. D.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you'll very quickly guess;
With neither shape nor sound,
'Tis used by all, yet seen by none,
And lost as soon as found.

My second gleams on festive boards,
When wit and mirth abound;
Sometimes colored, sometimes white,
'Tis oval, long and round.

My whole denotes the flight of time,
And marks the fading hour;
And from the sands of ocean's shore
Has borrowed half its power.

Boston.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a boy's nickname;
My second is a male child;
My whole is a county in Ohio.

AMERICAN.

REBUS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My first is in the den, but not in the cave;
My second is in the tomb, but not in the grave;
My third is in the bush, but not in the tree;
My fourth is in the bug, but not in the flea;
My fifth is in the light, but not in the gas;
My sixth is in the bread, but not in the mess;
My seventh is in the spear; but not in its point;
My eighth is in the hinges, but not in the joint;
My whole is a name in Scottish history seen.
If you try to find out you will see it I ween.

Buckingham. PETER A. B.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a house 96 feet long by 72 wide, and from the bottom or foundation of the building to the peak is 45 feet. Required the distance from either lower corner of the house to the centre of the *peak* or *ridge-pole?*

Fort Edward. THEODORE WELCH.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are kisses like creation? Ans.—Because they are made out of nothing and are pronounced good.

☞ Why are pen-makers the most dishonest persons in the world? Ans.—Because they make people steal pens, and then say they do write.

☞ What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause? Ans.—A pair of snuffers.

☞ A DAY QUESTION AND A CUTTING ANSWER.—What weapon does a young lady resemble whose acquaintances pass her in silence and without notice? Ans.—A cut-lass.

☞ The crew of a sailing boat threw out all her ballast, and she consequently upset;—how was she destroyed? Ans.—Destroyed by *lightening!*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

SHAKSPEARIAN ENIGMA—"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

LOCAL CHARADE—Swampscot (Swamp-scott.) RIDDLE—Caroline. REBUS—Liverpool, Lasalo, India, Virtuls, Elbe, Rhone, Peipus, Oparto, Obidos, Lecon. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM—With A 2,863, B 8,335, C 2,438, D 10,294, E 4,950.

We have received two answers to Quintillion's Problem published Nov. 20th. M. E. A., Norwich, Ct., sends—The one would fly 2,000, the other 3,000 miles. A. H. sends—The eagle that flies 100 miles an hour flies 187½ miles, and the other flies 312½ miles.